

ALL
NEW
COMICS

Shadow

COMICS



DOC SAVAGE



NICK CARTER



IRON MUNRO

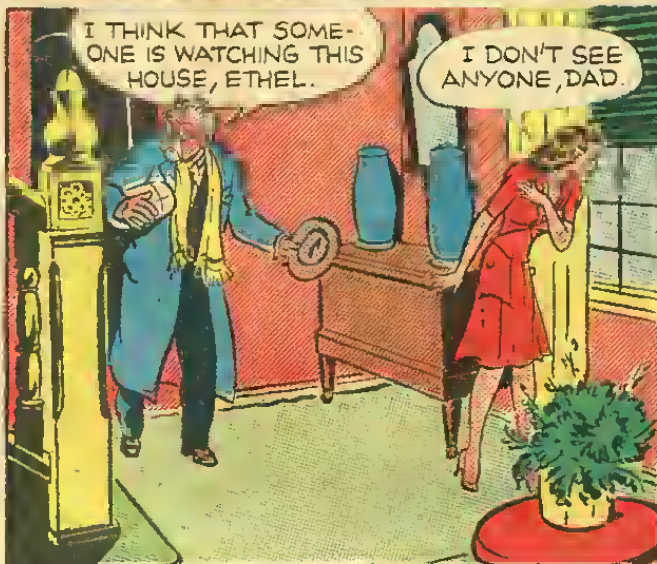
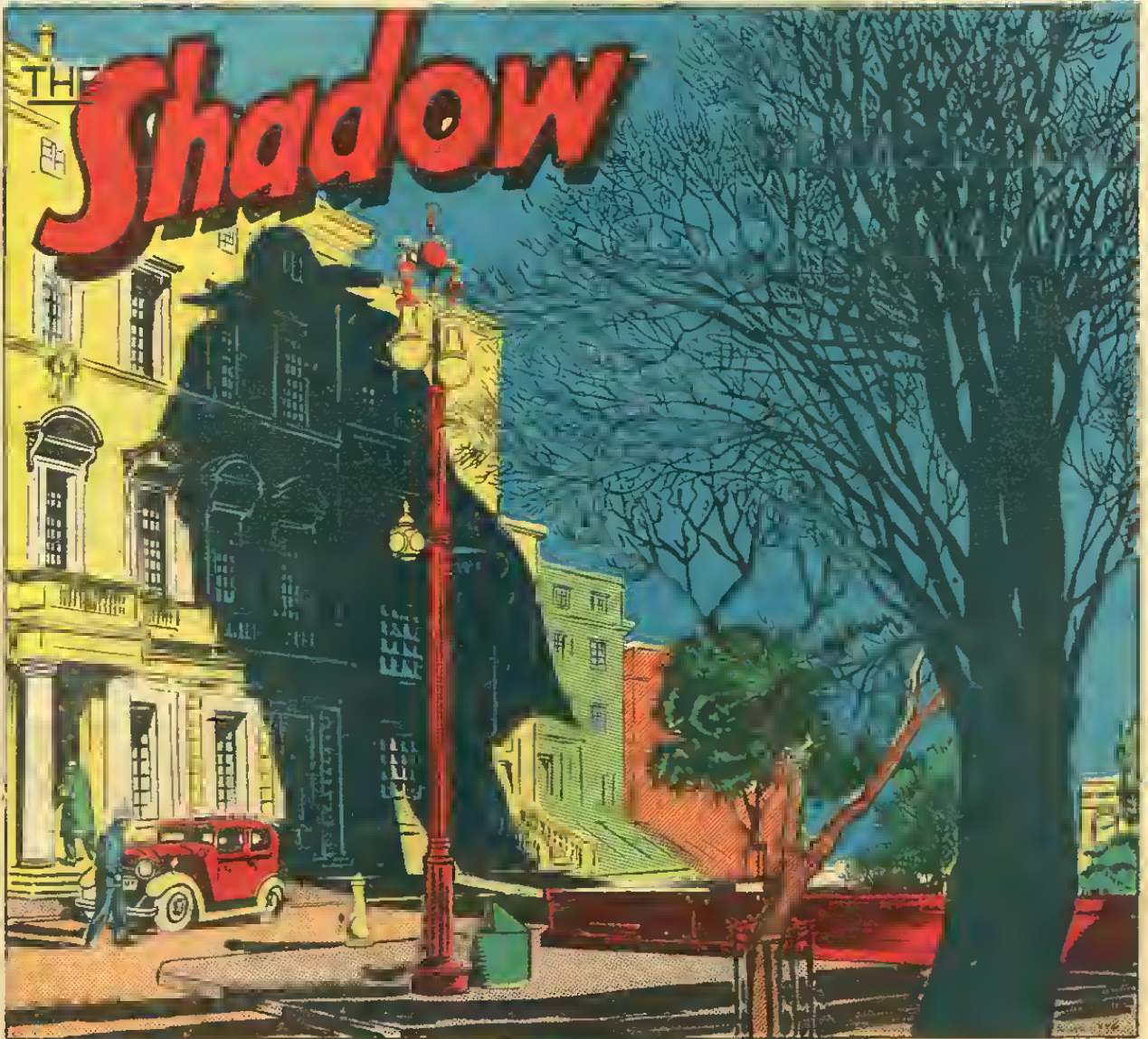


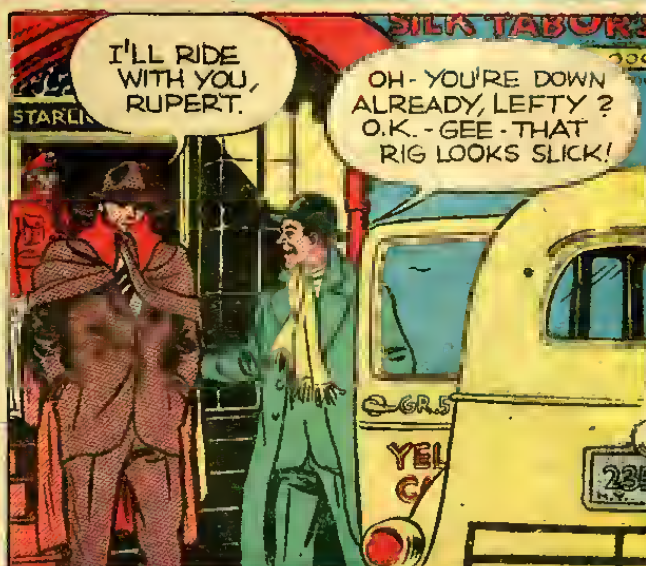
FRANK MERRIWELL

SOLVE-A-
Murder
PRIZE
CONTEST

10¢
MAY-1940

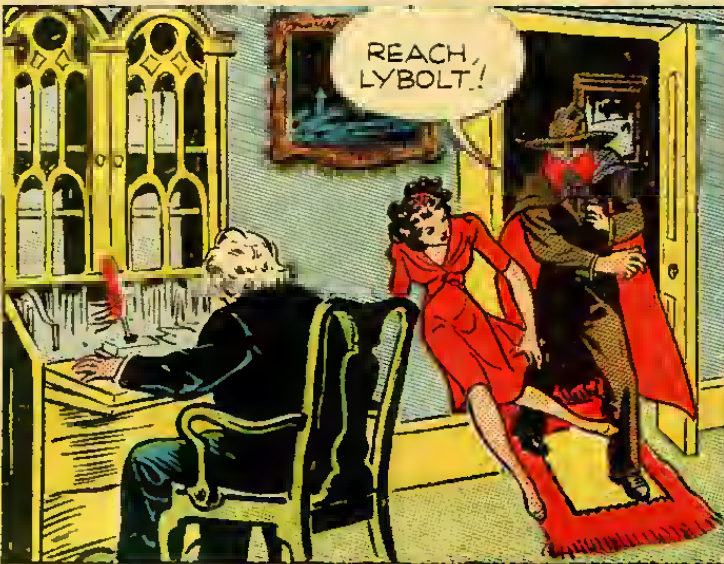


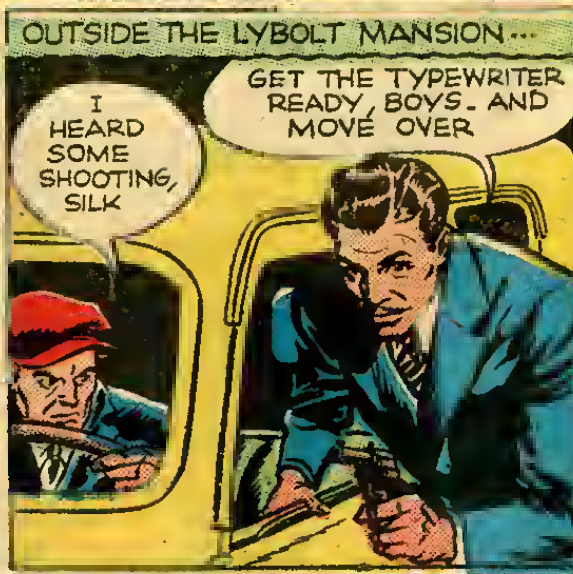
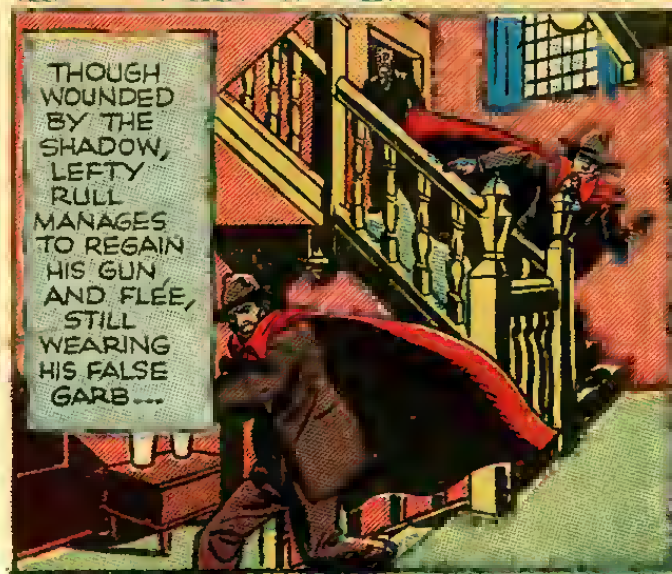
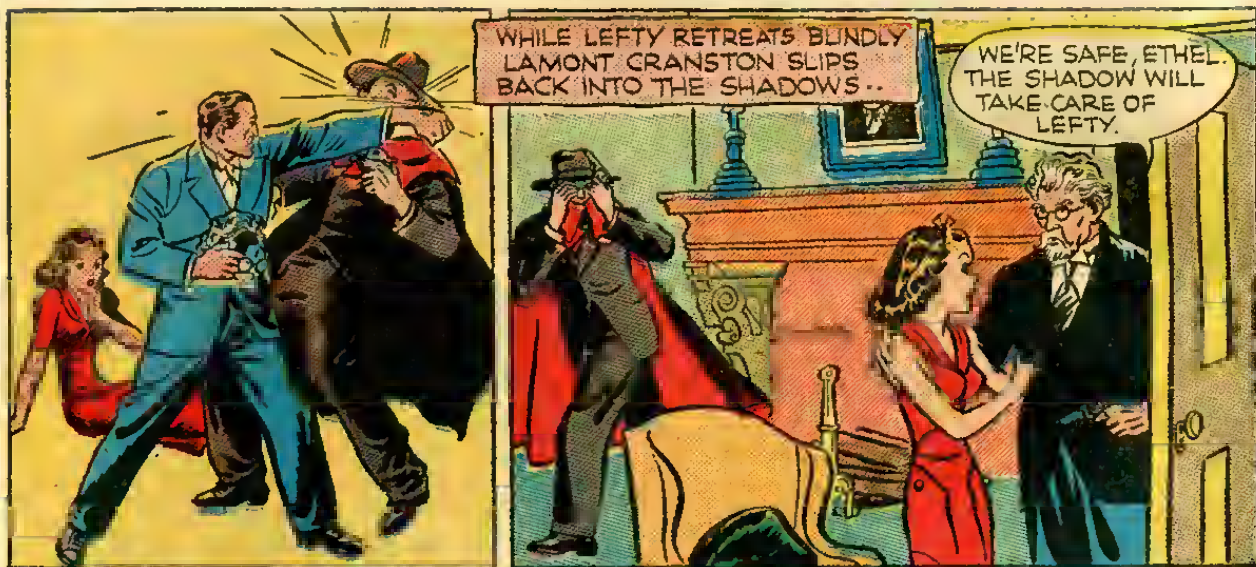


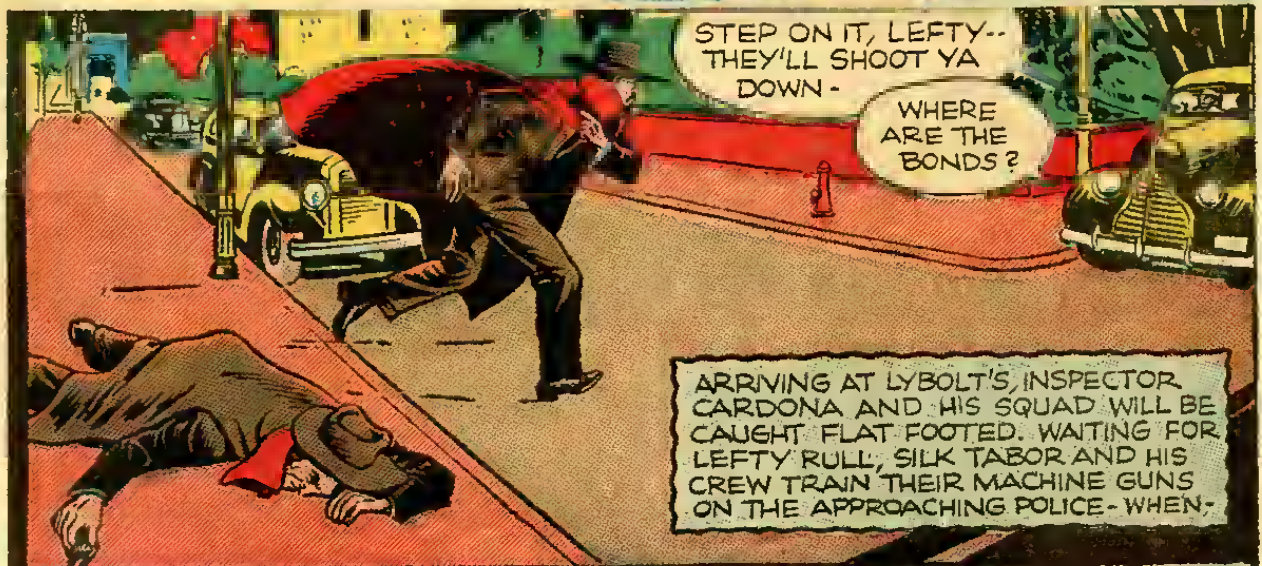
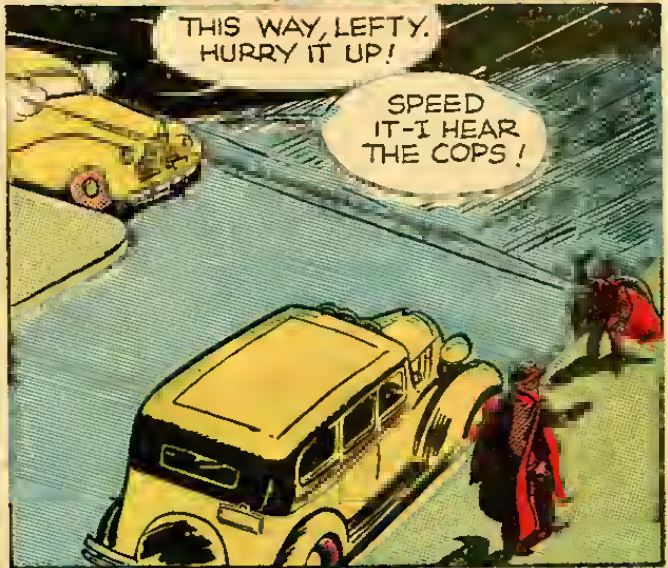


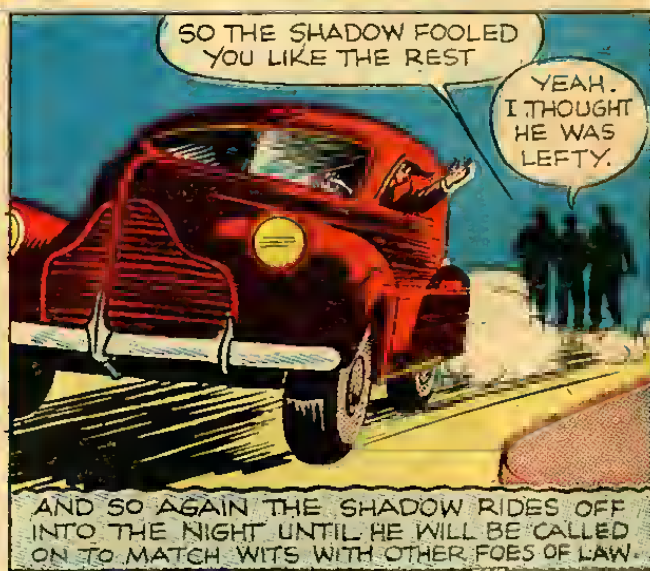
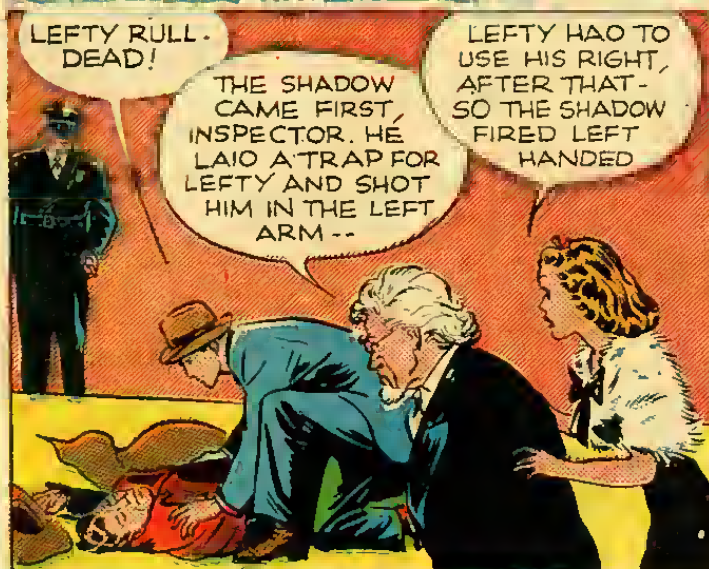
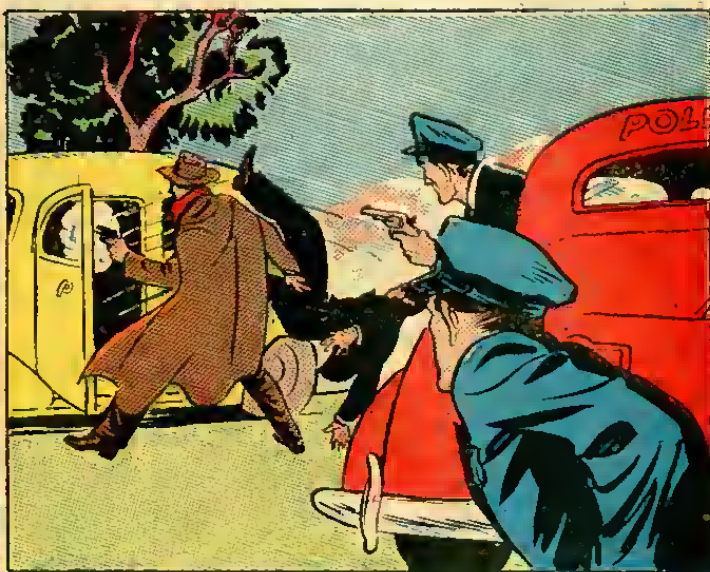
HIS WORRY OVER THE BONDS INCREASING, HORACE LYBOLT CALLS HIS DAUGHTER TO THE STUDY...











THE AVENGER

DEATH- IN THE GLASS MOUNTAIN

SEE! HERE'S WHERE WE MARKED IT YESTERDAY!

LOOK, FRED, AN OLD INDIAN COMING TOWARD US!



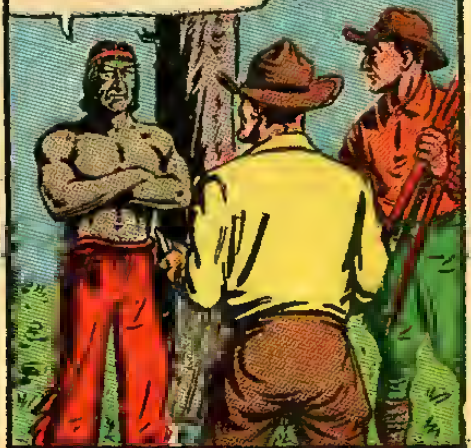
THAT DEAD TREE TRUNK WASN'T THERE YESTERDAY!

BY JOVE, YOU'RE RIGHT, FRED! IT WAS SEVERAL YARDS OVER ON THIS SIDE!

I AM CHIEF YELLOW MOCCASIN OF THE PAWNEES! I COME TO WARN YOU, FRIENDS, NOT TO GO NEAR MT. RAINOD! IT IS THE HOME AND SOUL OF THE RAIN GOD AND HE WILL NOT ALLOW IT TO BE PIERCED BY YOUR TUNNEL! IF YOU PERSIST, YOU WILL BE STRUCK DEAD BY ONE OF HIS LIGHTNING BOLTS! I HAVE SPOKEN!

THAT MIGHT ACCOUNT FOR THE MOVING TREE - IF WE WERE SUPERSTITIOUS, MY FRIEND

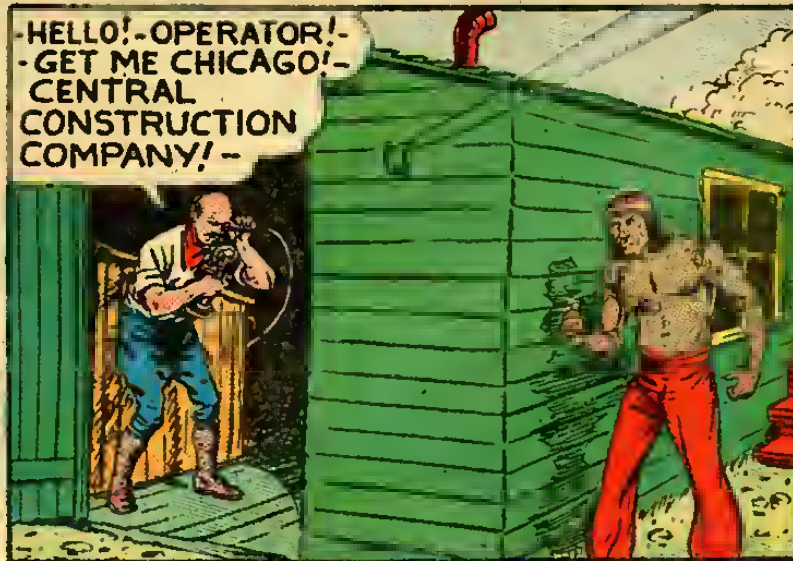
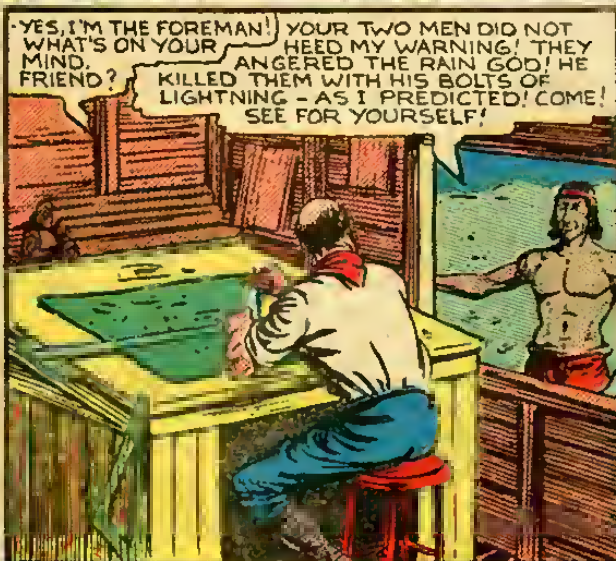
THANK YOU FOR YOUR INTEREST ANYWAY, CHIEF!



SOMETHING VERY PHONEY ABOUT ALL THIS! I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE THIS TREE FIRST!

AND I'LL LOOK OVER OUR MARKINGS OF YESTERDAY! PROBABLY THEY TOO - FRED!!
LOOK!!





IN THE CHICAGO OFFICES OF THE CENTRAL CONSTRUCTION CO., TWO OWNERS OF THE FIRM, CRAST AND RYAN, (THIRD OWNER FLYER ABSENT ON BUSINESS) ARE IN A OILEMMA AFTER HEARING FROM FOREMAN TODO. THEY HAVE GAMBLLED ALL IN THEIR TWENTY MILLION DOLLAR BID TO TUNNEL THROUGH MT. RAIN-OD FOR A DOUBLE TRACK ROAD BED FOR THE CHICAGO AND PORTLAND RAILROAD CO. -

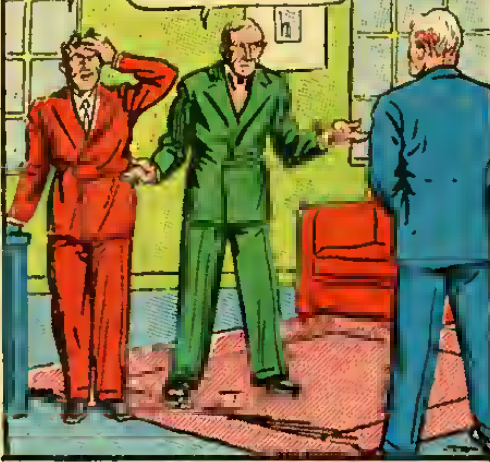
CRIMINAL ACTIVITY HAS CALLED IN HIS FRIEND, RICHARD BENSON, THE AVENGER, TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE SITUATION -

BENSON, THE AVENGER, HAS LOST NO TIME IN TAKING ACTION! ALREADY - HIS TWO AIDS, SMITTY, THE GIANT, AND MAC, THE SCIENTIST, HAVE ARRIVED AT THE SCENE OF TROUBLE -

TWO OF OUR BEST MEN HAVE BEEN KILLED ALREADY, MR. BENSON. BY SO CALLED BOLTS OF LIGHTNING!

THERE MUST BE NO MORE LIVES LOST, DICK, AND NO FURTHER DELAY WITH THE CONSTRUCTION WORK! WE'LL BE BANKRUPT IF THERE IS OUR BID WAS THE LOWEST BY FOUR MILLION DOLLARS, AND EVERY DAY MUST COUNT!

I SUSPECT CRIMINAL ACTIVITY, GENTLEMEN, AND WILL START IMMEDIATELY AT IT!



I HOPE YOU'RE FROM THE MAIN OFFICE! WE'VE GOT TO ACT QUICKLY! THE MEN HAVE ALL QUIT THEIR JOBS -

AND ARE LEAVING!

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR!

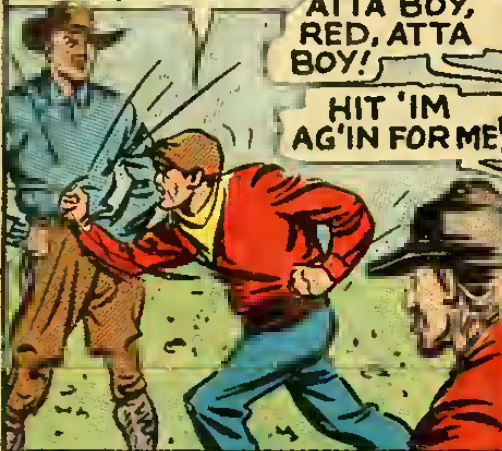
DON'T WORRY, THEY'LL BE BACK AT WORK!



THIS'S HOW WE'RE GONNA LISTEN T' YOU, WISE GUY!

ATTA BOY, RED, ATTA BOY!

HIT 'IM AG'IN FOR ME!



MEANWHILE -

I AM CHIEF YELLOW MOCCASIN! I COME WITH WARNING, MY FRIENDS! ALREADY - TWO OF YOUR BROTHERS HAVE BEEN KILLED BY LIGHTNING BOLTS OF THE RAIN GOD! MORE OF YOU WILL FOLLOW IF YOU PERSIST IN TRYING TO PIERCE HIS SOUL AND HOME - MT. RAINOD - WITH YOUR TUNNEL! TAKE HEED - CEASE WORK NOW - OR DEATH WILL STRIKE ALL OF YOU!



THIS IS CURT'INS FOR ME! I WANNA LIVE!

NO JOB'S WORTH THIS RISK!

TWO DEAD GUYS IS ALL THE PROOF I WANT!

ME TOO!

COME ON, BOYS, LET'S GET BACK TO WORK! THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A RAIN GOD! WE'RE HERE TO PROVE THAT! BESIDES, YOU MEN HAVE ALL SIGNED UP ON THIS JOB - AND YOU CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL IT'S FINISHED!

COME ON, BOYS, LET'S GET BACK TO WORK! THESE MEN'LL SEE THAT THERE'S NO MORE FUNNY STUFF AROUND HERE!

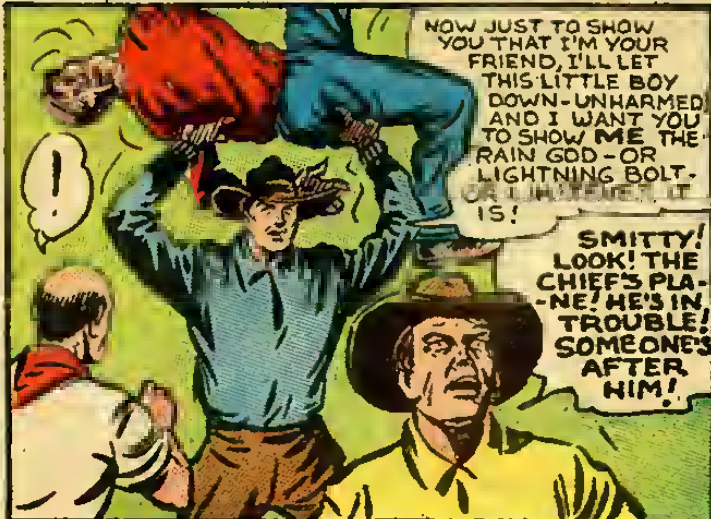
WHO SEZ WE CAN'T LEAVE!

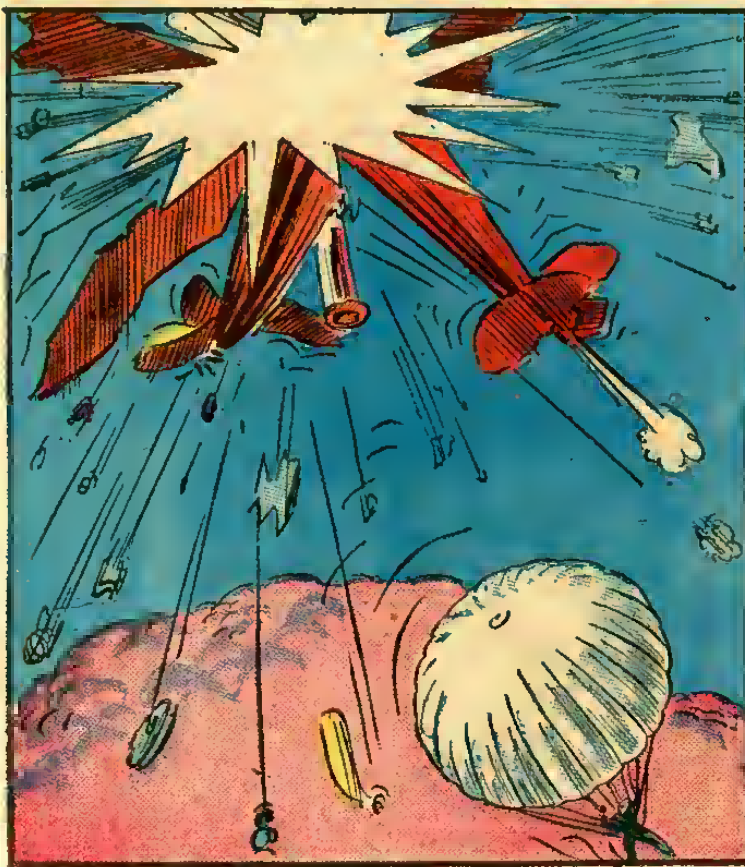
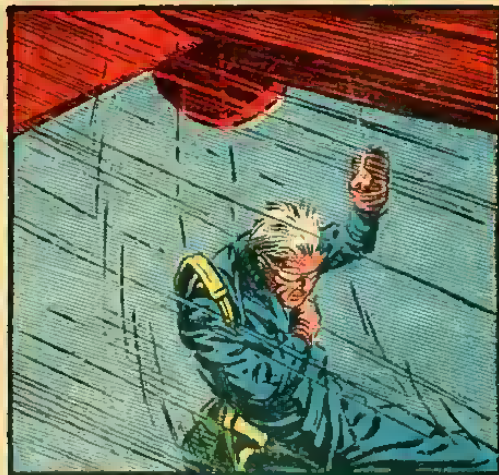
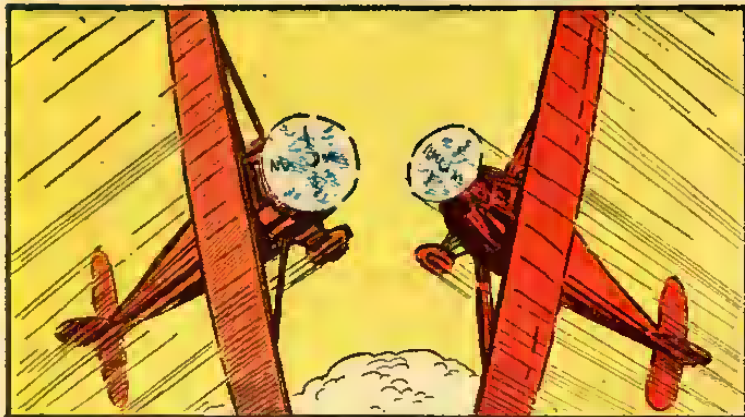
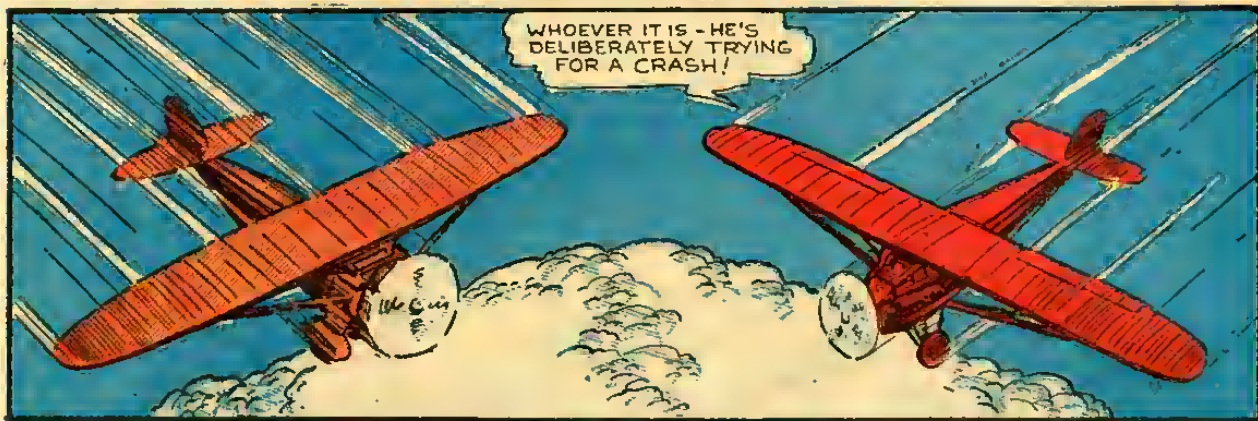
YOU TELL HIM, RED!



NOW JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT I'M YOUR FRIEND, I'LL LET THIS LITTLE BOY DOWN - UNHARMED - AND I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME THE RAIN GOD - OR LIGHTNING BOLT - OR LIGHTNING BOLT - IT IS!

SMITTY! LOOK! THE CHIEF'S PLAN! HE'S IN TROUBLE! SOMEONE'S AFTER HIM!



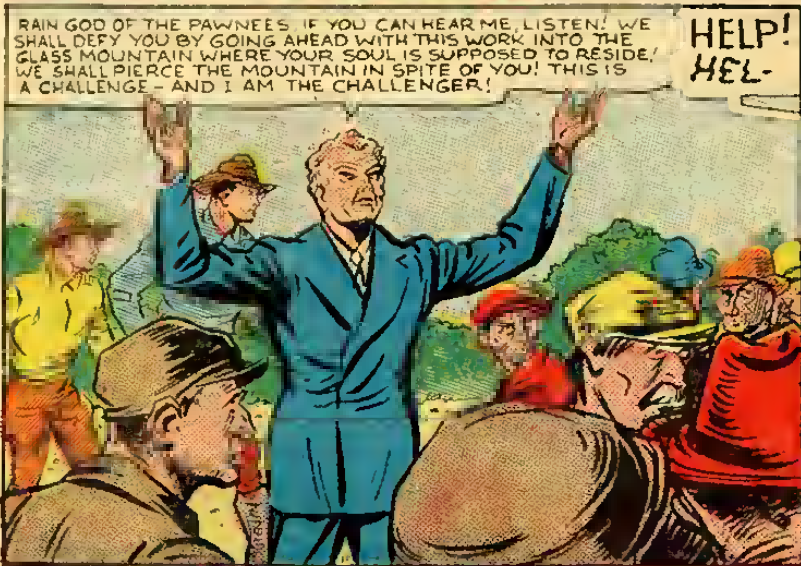


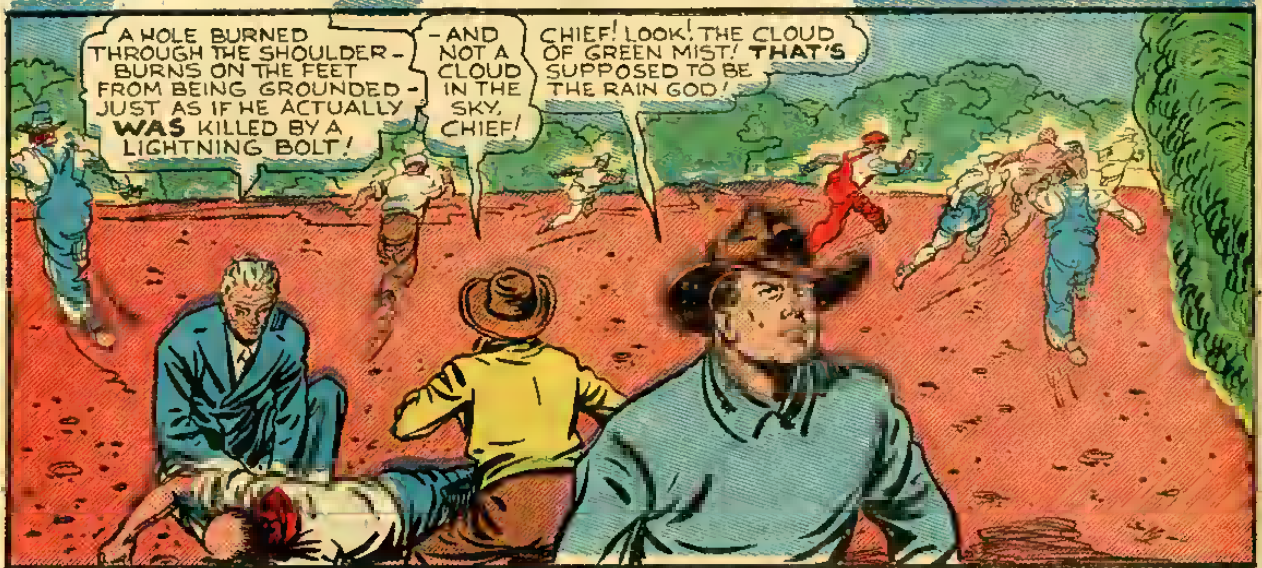
LATER THERE WAS NO PILOT IN THIS PLANE! IT WAS CONTROLLED BY RADIO-FROM SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE!



I'M CONVINCED THAT THERE'S A SPY IN THE CHICAGO OFFICE! HOW ELSE COULD ANYBODY KNOW THE EXACT TIME OF MY ARRIVAL?







NO ONE HAS TAKEN A SHOT AT IT! I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW JUST WHAT A BULLET WILL DO IN IT! I HAVE A THEORY - BE READY FOR ACTION!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THOSE BLUE ARCS OF FLAME WERE CAUSED BY MY BULLET HITTING A HIGH TENSION WIRE - IN THE RUBBER GLOVED HANDS OF A HUMAN BEING! THESE WIRES WERE CONNECTED TO ONE OF THE SEVERAL ELECTRIC GENERATORS PLACED BY HIM IN THE MOUNTAIN -



HE WAS ABLE TO COMPLETELY CONCEAL HIMSELF - THE WIRE AND THE CONNECTIONS BY THE CLOUD OF GREEN MIST - MIST FORMED BY THE GREENISH WATER OF LAKE CLOUD, ATOMIZED THROUGH A HOSE UNDER PRESSURE - IN THIS HOT-DRY AIR!

VERY LOGICAL, BUT HOW CHIEF! ABOUT THE MOVING TREE WE HEARD ABOUT, CHIEF? I WON'T BE SATISFIED UNTIL THAT'S CLEARED UP TOO!



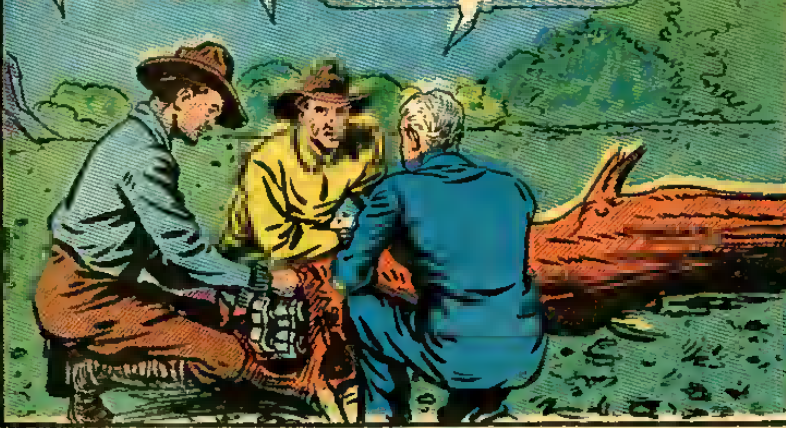
THAT'S ANOTHER OF THE KILLER'S TRICKS! THIS ONE, I BELIEVE, WAS INTENDED TO CONFUSE THE SURVEYORS IN THEIR MARKINGS!



LOOK! A SMALL ELECTRICAL TRUCK IN THE TRUNK OF IT!

EVERYTHING AROUND HERE IS CONTROLLED BY ELECTRICITY! LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF AN ENGINEER TO ME!

IT IS, MAC, AN ENGINEER DISGUISED AS AN INDIAN AND CALLING HIMSELF 'CHIEF MOCCASIN' - AND IS ONE OF THE PARTNERS OF THE FIRM THAT SENT ME HERE! FYLER IS HIS NAME!



HE WAS ABSENT 'ON BUSINESS' WHEN I WAS CALLED TO THE CHICAGO OFFICE-AND WOULD NOT REVEAL THE NATURE OF THE 'BUSINESS' TO HIS TWO PARTNERS, CRAST AND RYAN! THEY BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF HIM AND GAVE ME HIS DESCRIPTION AND TOLD ME OF HIS EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF THIS SECTION OF THE COUNTRY-AND OF HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE INDIAN TRIBES THAT USED TO LIVE!



WONDER IF YOUR BULLET INTO THE GREEN MIST HIT HIM TOO, CHIEF?

WE'LL KNOW WHEN WE SEE HIM, SMITTY! - SAY! THE CONSTRUCTION GANG HAS LEFT US!

YES! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED AWAY FOR GOOD! WE WERE TOO BUSY WITH POOR TODD TO NOTICE THEM LEAVING! HOWEVER - I HAVE MADE PREPARATIONS FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY AS THIS, AND I'M EXPECTING THE COMPLETE NEW CREW TO ARRIVE VERY SOON! COME! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



I BELIEVE THERE'S A HUGE NATURAL TUNNEL INSIDE THIS MOUNTAIN THAT ONLY FYLER KNOWS ABOUT!



THIS THERMITE AND SODIUM WILL TAKE CARE OF FYLER WHEN HE SETS THE TRAP FOR US!

I CAN SEE WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT, CHIEF!

I BELIEVE I CAN TOO! IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT HUGE GATE VALVE WE SAW ON THE WAY IN HERE!

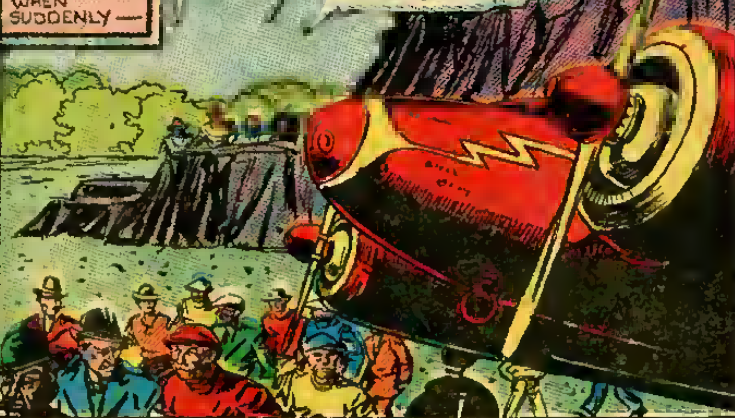


WITH THE WORK INSIDE COMPLETED, THE AVENGER AND HIS AIDS ARE JUST LEAVING THE TUNNEL WHEN SUDDENLY -

THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE A WORKING CREW TO ME, CHIEF!

NOR TO ME, CHIEF!

SOMETHING WENT WRONG! THEY ARE NOT THE MEN I SENT FOR! THEY ARE A GANG OF THE WORST CRIMINALS FROM CHICAGO! DON'T RESIST WHEN THEY COME FOR US!



THANK YOU FOR YOUR PROMPT SERVICE, GENTLEMEN! YOU'LL FIND THE MEN I WANT AROUND THE BEND! I'LL BE WAITING OVER THERE!

OKAY! C'MON, THIS WAY!





RIGHT
THIS WAY,
GENTLEMEN!

IT'S TOO BAD, MR. BENSON, BUT
YOUR AVENGING DAYS ARE OVER!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE INTERFERED
IN MY AFFAIRS!



I SEE THAT MY BULLET
HIT SOMETHING ELSE
BESIDES YOUR
GREEN MIST,
MR. FYLER!

I, WITH CRAST
AND RYAN,
HAVE SUSPECTED
YOURSELF,
YOU FROM THE
BEGINNING -
WHEN YOU
WERE ABSENT
ON BUSINESS!
YOU DELIBERATELY
TRIED TO
WRECK THE
CENTRAL
CONSTRUCTION
COMPANY BY STOPPING
WORK HERE SO THAT
YOU - ALONE - COULD
HAVE THE VALUABLE
CONTRACT WITH THE
RAILROAD -



YOU WERE THE
ONLY MEMBER
OF THE FIRM WHO
KNEW OF THE
NATURAL TUNNEL
IN THIS MOUNTAIN
AND THAT, THEREFORE,
THE ACTUAL WORK
COULD BE DONE AT A
COST OF LESS THAN
FIVE MILLION DOLLARS,
LEAVING A PROFIT -
ALL FOR YOU - OF
FIFTEEN MILLIONS!

HE'S DELIRIOUS,
GENTLEMEN,
IN HIS LAST
MOMENTS
OF LIFE!
COME ON,
LET'S GO!
THE WATER
WILL BE
HERE IN A
MINUTE!



A FEW
MOMENTS
LATER -

I HOPE THE WATER
DOESN'T REACH
THE TOP OF THIS

IT WON'T
SMITTY

THEY
WON'T
GET FAR



THERE THE THERMITE
GOES AND SODIUM HAS DONE
THE IT'S WORK! AS THE SLAB
HUGE FELL - IT SET IT OFF -
SLAB OF BURNING FIERCELY
BASALT WHEN WET - WATER
COOLED IT FAST! THE
EXPANSION AND
CONTRACTION FROM
HEATING AND COOLING
HAS BLOWN THE SLAB
TO BITS!

AND THE RUSHING
WATER WILL
OVERTAKE FYLER
AND HIS RATS LONG
BEFORE THEY REACH
THE OPENING ON THE
OTHER SIDE - AND AT
THE SAME TIME -
DRAIN FROM THIS
SIDE!



WELL! TOO BAD WE
ANOTHER COULDN'T SEE
SCORE IS THEM DROWNING
SETTLED. IN THEIR OWN
CHIEF! TRAP!

COME ON,
BOYS,
WE'VE
GOT
ANOTHER
CASE
WAITING
FOR US!



AND WHAT A CASE! WATCH
FOR IT IN NEXT MONTH'S
SHADOW COMICS

DOC SAVAGE

In "The Smoke of Eternity"

ARMED WITH A TERRIBLE FORCE FOR DESTRUCTION, A MASTER ENEMY OF LAW AND LIBERTY ATTACKS CIVILIZATION---AND DOC SAVAGE, BRONZE DAREDEVIL OF SCIENCE AND STRENGTH, TAKES UP THE CHALLENGE!

AS JEROME COFFERN, CHEMIST LEAVES HIS OFFICE TO MEET HIS FRIEND AND FELLOW-SCIENTIST, DOC SAVAGE, FATE STRIKES.



THE TWO GANGSTERS FLEE, WHILE---

HE'S FINISHED,
--AND HIS BODY'S
DISSOLVING!



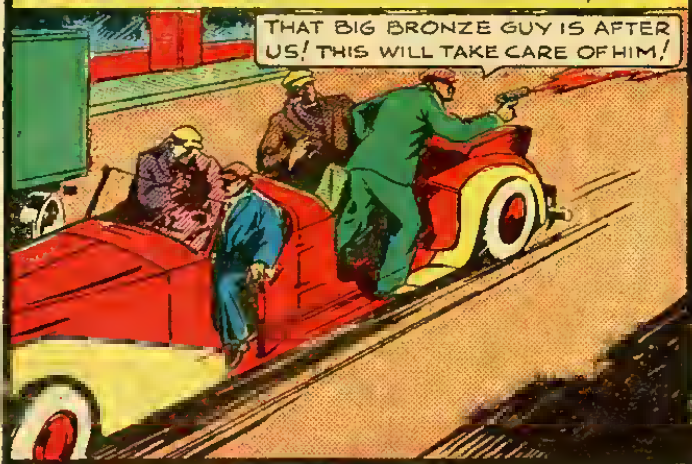
BUT DOC SAVAGE HURRIES UP, JUST AS HIS FRIEND MELTS INTO NOTHING!

THAT WRIST-WATCH!
I GAVE IT TO
COFFERN--HE'S
WIPE OUT!



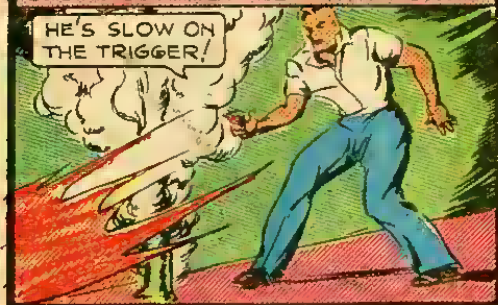
SQUINT TURNS HIS MURDEROUS WEAPON ON DOC, BUT---

THAT BIG BRONZE GUY IS AFTER US! THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



DOC SPRINGS SIDEWISE --- SQUINT'S SHOT DISSOLVES TREE INTO VAPOR

HE'S SLOW ON THE TRIGGER!



THE MURDER CAR CRASHES THE TOLL GATE AT GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE, KILLING THE GATEKEEPER ---

GET OUT OF OUR WAY, BUM!



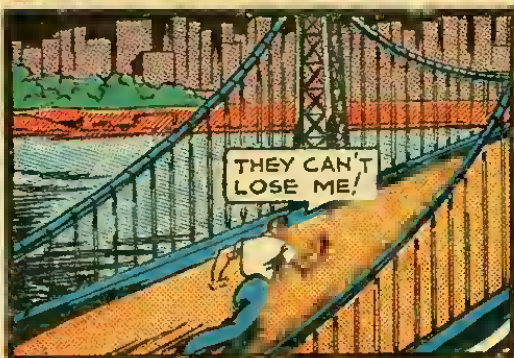
LOOK! HE'S AFTER US ON FOOT --- AND GAINING!

EVEN WHEN I SEE IT, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



WE'LL SHAKE OFF THAT SPEED MERCHANT!

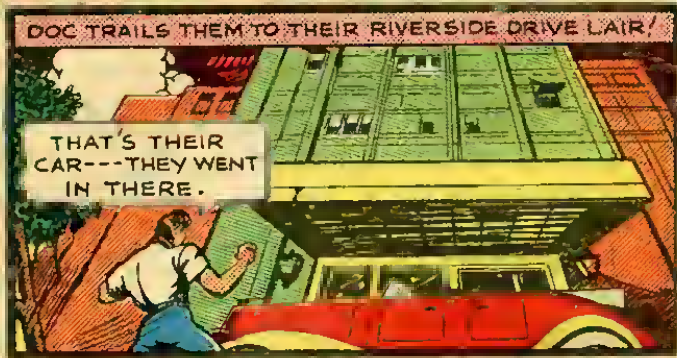
CRASH!



THEY CAN'T LOSE ME!

DOC TRAILS THEM TO THEIR RIVERSIDE DRIVE LAIR!

THAT'S THEIR CAR --- THEY WENT IN THERE.

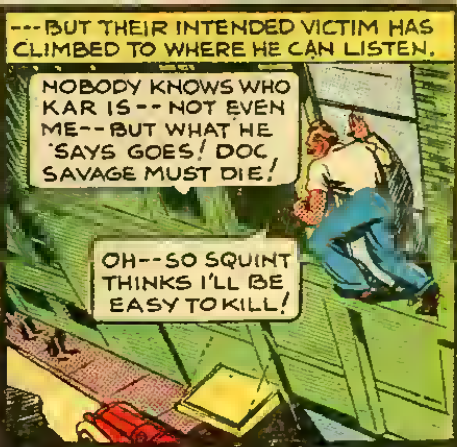


WE KILLED COFFERN --- THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS THE IDENTITY OF KAR, THE BOSS --- WE'LL START ROBBING BANKS TOMORROW, BUT FIRST WE'LL KILL DOC SAVAGE!

--- BUT THEIR INTENDED VICTIM HAS CLIMBED TO WHERE HE CAN LISTEN.

NOBODY KNOWS WHO KAR IS -- NOT EVEN ME -- BUT WHAT HE SAYS GOES! DOC SAVAGE MUST DIE!

OH -- SO SQUINT THINKS I'LL BE EASY TO KILL!



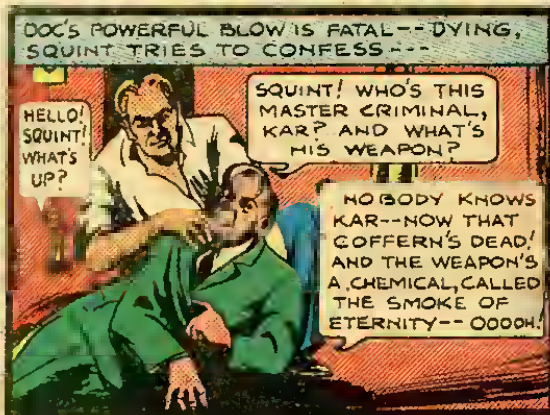


HELLO-- KAR! THE BOYS
ARE ON THEIR WAY TO
GET DOC SAVAGE!



AS DOC ENTERS, SQUINT TRIES TO SHOOT
-- JUST A SECOND TOO SLOW.

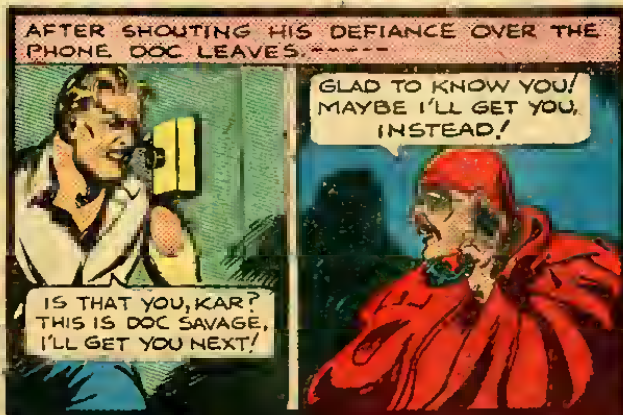
AND
DOC SAVAGE
IS ON HIS WAY
TO GET YOU!



HELLO!
SQUINT!
WHAT'S
UP?

SQUINT! WHO'S THIS
MASTER CRIMINAL,
KAR? AND WHAT'S
HIS WEAPON?

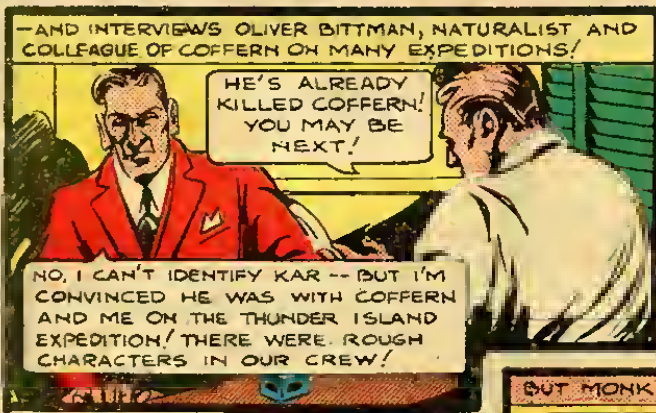
NOBODY KNOWS
KAR--NOW THAT
COFFERN'S DEAD!
AND THE WEAPON'S
A CHEMICAL, CALLED
THE SMOKE OF
ETERNITY-- OOOOH!



AFTER SHOUTING HIS DEFIANCE OVER THE
PHONE, DOC LEAVES.-----

GLAD TO KNOW YOU!
MAYBE I'LL GET YOU,
INSTEAD!

IS THAT YOU, KAR?
THIS IS DOC SAVAGE,
I'LL GET YOU NEXT!



--AND INTERVIEWS OLIVER BITTMAN, NATURALIST AND
COLLEAGUE OF COFFERN ON MANY EXPEDITIONS!

HE'S ALREADY
KILLED COFFERN!
YOU MAY BE
NEXT!

NO, I CAN'T IDENTIFY KAR -- BUT I'M
CONVINCED HE WAS WITH COFFERN
AND ME ON THE THUNDER ISLAND
EXPEDITION! THERE WERE ROUGH
CHARACTERS IN OUR CREW!



AFTER A CONFERENCE WITH MONK
HIS FAITHFUL ASSOCIATE----

I'VE TRACED KAR'S MEN ----
THEY'RE ON AN OLD PIRATE SHIP
MOORED ON THE HUDSON!

I KNOW THE
SHIP, MONK
-- MEET ME
HERE IN
AN HOUR!



--DOC FINDS CONFIRMATION TO HIS HUNCH.

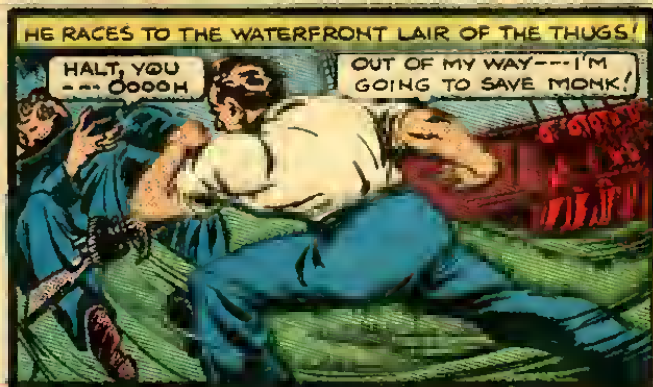
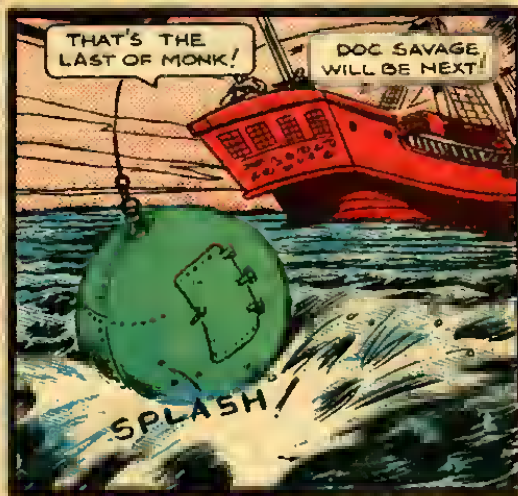
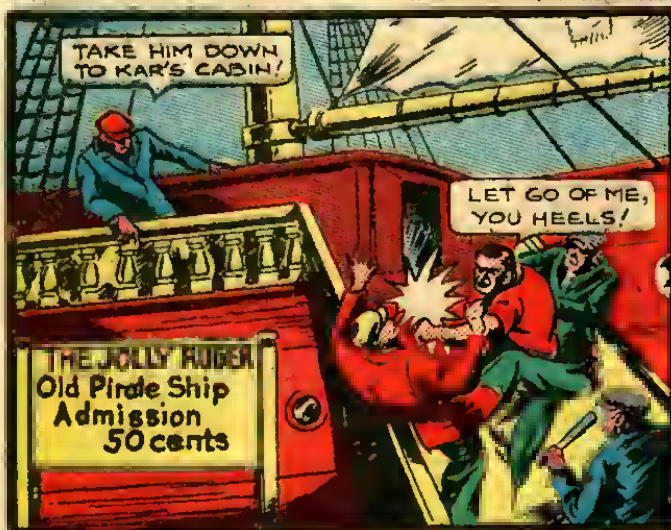
THESE ROCKS CAME
FROM THUNDER ISLAND
--THEY PROVE THAT
THE SMOKE OF ETERNITY
WAS EVOLVED THERE
-- KAR MUST HAVE
BEEN ON THAT
EXPEDITION!

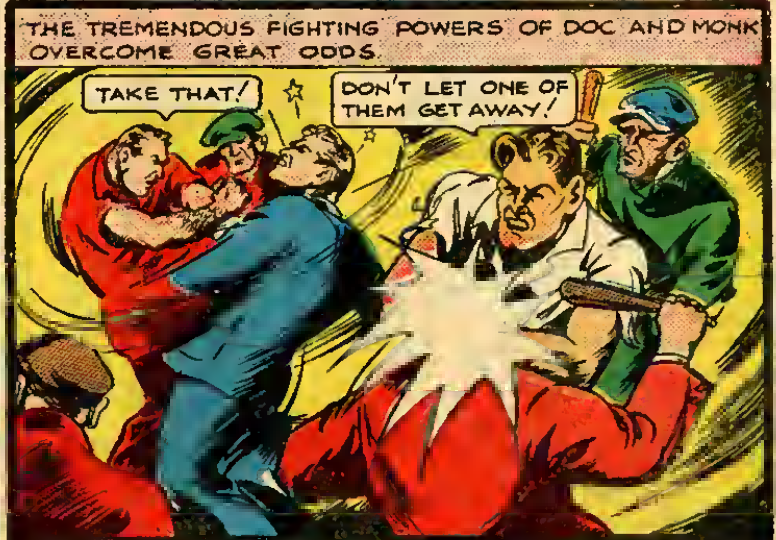
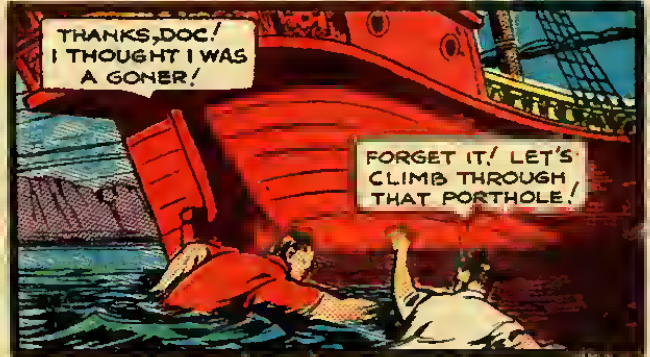
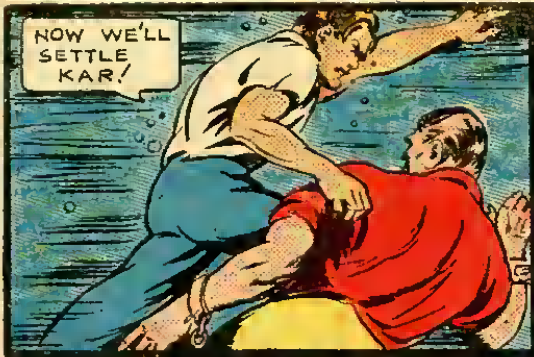


BUT MONK IS ATTACKED BY KAR'S HENCHMEN.

OKAY, APE
--COME ALONG
WITH US!

TRY AND MAKE ME!





EVEN AS DOC AND MONK HAVE VANQUISHED THE LAST THUG

WELL MONK,
WE LICKED
THEM!

YES--A PRETTY
FAIR WORKOUT!

KAR BURSTS IN UPON THEM!

DOC SAVAGE,
YOU FOOL!
I'LL WHIFF
YOU OUT OF
EXISTENCE!

BUT DOC IS TOO QUICK, SPRINGS AND KEEPS HIM FROM
THROWING.

NOT SO FAST,
KAR/GIVE ME
THAT SMOKE
OF ETERNITY
BOMB! COME
ON MONK,
WE'RE
LEAVING!

DEPARTING, DOC THROWS THE
DESTROYING BOMB, AND ---

THERE, A DOSE OF
THEIR OWN MEDICINE!

THE PIRATE SHIP, LAIR OF AN EVIL BROTHERHOOD,
DISSOLVES INTO VAPOR!

CURTAINS FOR
THE KAR MOB,
MONK!

IT WAS A GOOD
FIGHT WHILE
IT LASTED!

AND DOC SAVAGE IS RIGHT!

IT WAS EASY
TO BUST UP
KAR'S GANG!

YES; TOO EASY!
MAYBE WE'RE
HEADING FOR
MORE ADVENTURE

KAR HAS BEEN DEFEATED --- BUT WAS HE
KILLED WITH THE OTHERS OF HIS GANG,
OR WILL HE COME BACK TO MENACE THE
CIVILIZATION FOR WHICH DOC FIGHTS!



DOC SAVAGE COMICS

THE demand for Doc Savage has caused us to issue his own magazine. The pictured adventures of the world's greatest fighter of crime will be continued in DOC SAVAGE COMICS. Each thrilling adventure will be complete in itself, yet be a part of his entire battle against crime. Be sure to ask your news dealer to save your copy. It will go on sale April 16th.

REMEMBER THE DATE — APRIL 16, 1940

Jim Sheridan was the star reporter on the *Herald*. Following a gangster clue, he walked right into a murder. Captured by the gangsters, he was offered his life if he would write a story telling of an interview with Homer T. Rothwell, millionaire packer who lay dead in the adjoining room.

"Suppose I do write I saw Rothwell alive. Then what?"

"That depends on our luck," his captor answered. "Rothwell's widow oughta come across with a hundred grand if she don't know she's a widow!"

Sheridan had no illusions concerning his own status. For a short time he might be valuable to the killers.

A bone in his right wrist grated sickeningly—his hand had been broken in the fight he had put up on his capture.

Even if his story got by the sharp-eyed city editor, Cronin, his gangster captor, would keep him alive for a while. A follow-up story, or perhaps two, would be important while the kidnapers carried forward their negotiations for the delivery of the money.

Baldy Henderson, his editor, was by training a suspicious man. He looked for hidden motives in everything coming under his scrutiny. The story, when delivered, would look like a wonderful beat. Sheridan regretted for the first time that he had always been dependable.

Sheridan found some paper in the desk and rolled it awkwardly into the typewriter with his left hand. Mechanically he clicked off his own familiar by-line:

By JAMES H. SHERIDAN

(Staff Reporter of \$%# The Herald)

Though he customarily produced perfectly spelled copy, the use of his left hand alone had caused him to hit the wrong keys.

An idea was slowly taking shape. It had come from that crossed-out word. He had always prided himself on clean copy. Henderson had a quick eye for anything that deviated from the routine.

Sheridan pegged away awk-

DEATH CODE

A Newspaper Editor Reads Between the Lines.



wardly with his left hand, making mistakes and crossing them out with the apparently meaningless symbols on the upper row of keys.

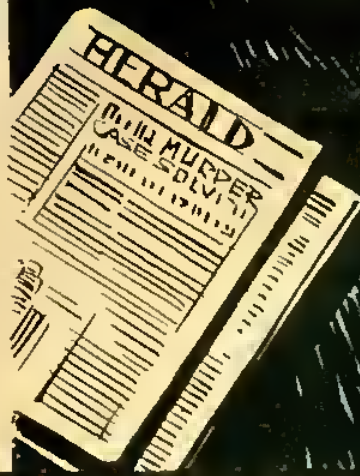
Cronin clicked his teeth appreciatively as he read:

By JAMES H. SHERIDAN

(Staff Reporter of \$%# The Herald)

Homer T. Rothwell, kidnaped 253-\$%# millionaire packer, is alive and well. The writer has been asked by Rothwell to so assure his wife "\$#\$%#-\$%" and friends. By a remarkable circumstance the *Herald* writer today came upon the hide-out where Rothwell &-%# is being held prisoner. He has been asked by Rothwell himself to communicate \$%\$%-765 through the *Herald* with Rothwell's wife and friends and ask that \$110,000 be made \$%-78 available to his abductors.

The *Herald* writer, in exchange for this exclusive story and for the liberation of Roth-





Henderson's eyes swiftly scanned the typewritten sheets.

well unharmed, has agreed to give neither the police nor his newspaper any information that may lead to -47() identifying the kidnapers, and he is being held as hostage.

Rothwell is \$3-\$ anxious that the ransom be paid at once. He assures the writer he has been (8))3\$ treated well. The *Herald* representative is 9.-\$9.) the first person to tell the world of 5901)994 ROTHWELL'S SAFETY. The writer wants Rothwell's friends to know that the only possible safety of the millionaire lies in /7446 paying the ransom as directed.

(Another story by this writer will appear in the next edition of the *Herald*.)

Cronin read the final sentence. "You got the dope. You'll have to feed 'em some more bunk to keep 'em guessin' until we get the dough."

Cronin extended a fountain pen toward Sheridan.

"Sign it so there'll be no slip!" he commanded.

Sheridan held up his numb right hand.

"Bone's busted, Cronin," he said. "I'd do it if I could, but a left-handed scrawl would look phony. Wait! I've got it! I'll type a message to the city editor that will tell him something nobody outside the office would be likely to know. I'll name one of the copy men and say I want him to handle it."

Cronin studied this for a few seconds.

"Guess that's all you can do," he said. "Make it snappy!"

The reporter then wrote on the sheet:

(Pettigrew's the best man on the copy desk to give this yarn a punchy headline.)

"Hey!" shouted Henderson across to Sellers, the news editor. "Sheridan's picked one this time! Campbell! Tell make-up to clean out for a fast extra!"

Henderson's deep-set eyes swiftly scanned the typewritten sheets. He whistled softly. His pencil automatically moved to blur the first spot Sheridan had crossed out by typing upper-key symbols.

The second spot stopped

Henderson's whistle. Something was wrong. Sheridan's copy was always clean. Henderson glanced at the final sentence:

(Pettigrew's the best man on the copy desk to give this yarn a punchy headline.)

"Boy!" yelled Henderson. "Get the telegraph code book from the association wire room!"

With the telegraph code book he started checking. The cross-outs in the first and in the second paragraphs made no sense.

"I thought we had something!" he groaned. "But I guess it's a— Hey! Sellers! Tell the make-up there won't be a replate! Get Chief Stanton on the phone."

He had come to the first cross-out in the final paragraph. Eyes shifting to the code book, he read: "Rothwell is dead!" For \$3-\$ in the code book spelled "dead."

Two minutes later he had translated (8))3\$ as "killed"; 9.-\$9: (as "monadnock"; 5901) 994 as "top floor"; with the final cross-out as /7446 as "hurry."

Henderson yelled into the telephone:

"Chief! Rush everything you've got to the top floor of the Monadnock Building! Rothwell's up there dead, and they've got Jim Sheridan!"

"It was close, Jim," said Baldy Henderson. "Here, take a drink of this."

The water relaxed his tight throat muscles.

Lefty Cronin was huddled in a corner, his neck limp. Corvino had a hole in his spine. The Weasel was handcuffed between two dicks.

Sheridan heard Baldy Henderson's voice at the phone:

"Tell Sellers a quick replate for an extra! Give me re-write!"

He looked over at Sheridan and grinned.

"Smart, Jim," he said. "I wouldn't have got it if you hadn't pulled that one about Pettigrew being the best man to give the yarn a punchy headline."

Pettigrew had never written a headline. For years he had handled only association wires for the *Herald*.

CAN YOU SOLVE IT?

100 PRIZES OFFERED

A
CARRIE CASHIN
MYSTERY

SHE'S PINKY DAWSON-A
CIGARETTE GIRL AT THE
CLUB FLAMINGO-ON RACING
DAYS PINKY HANDS OUT CARDS
EVERY FIVE HUNDREDTH ONE
GALA FREE ADMISSION—
INCLUDING DINNER, SHOW
AND LIQUOR

THE CLUE THAT POINTED
TO THE MURDER IS
AMONG THE PICTURES
CAN YOU LOCATE IT?

CAN YOU IDENTIFY
WHO COMMITTED
THE MURDER?

WILL YOU WIN ONE OF
THE 100 PRIZES OF-
FERED ON PAGE 65?

SHE'S TROUBLED-
DID YOU NOTICE
HER EYES,
ALECK?

TROUBLED? SO AM I-
SHE HANDED ME A
FIFTY DOLLAR MUTUEL
TICKET ON RETAINER!

WIN PLACE SHOW

RETAINER

OWNER
SID PALMER

CARRIE,
I'VE
WON!
\$1,000

SOMEBODY KNEW THAT RETAINER
WAS GOING TO WIN THE SEVENTH
RACE-EITHER THE RACE WAS
FIXED OR THE HORSE WAS
TRAINED SECRETLY TO
WIN! NEITHER COULD
HAPPEN WITHOUT
PALMER'S KNOWLEDGE.
WE'LL SHORTLY
FIND OUT WHY HE
WANTED TO PAY
US A RETAINER

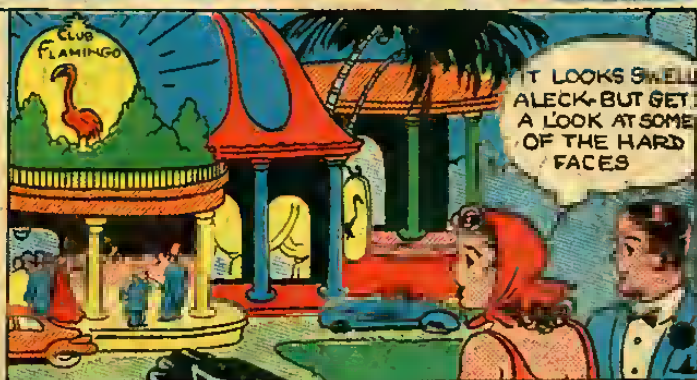
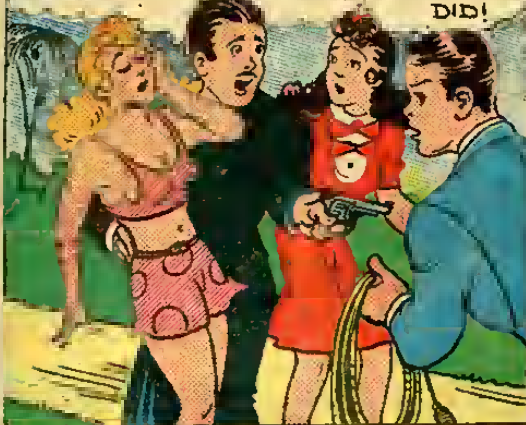
I SEE!
SO YOU
THINK
PALMER IS
MIXED UP IN
THE FLAMINGO
CLUB?

AS CARRIE AND ALECK REACHED A SHARP TURN IN THE PATH A THROATY SQUAWK CAME FROM THE FLAMINGO WHO WAS ANGRILY GUARDING THE GLAMOROUS PINKY WHO WAS SUSPENDED FROM A TREE, HER TOES DOING A DANCE OF

DEATH!



I'M BRUCE PALMER, SLD PALMER'S SON-BEAT IT, I WARN YOU-AND HAND OVER THAT FISH CORD-AND SINKER TOO! I DIDN'T TRY TO KILL PINKY-I WISH I KNEW WHO DID!



YOU'RE ON THE SPOT! DON'T BE A FOOL-LET ME HANDLE THIS!



DAVE MORGAN THE MANAGER, WANTS TO TALK TO YOU, SON!

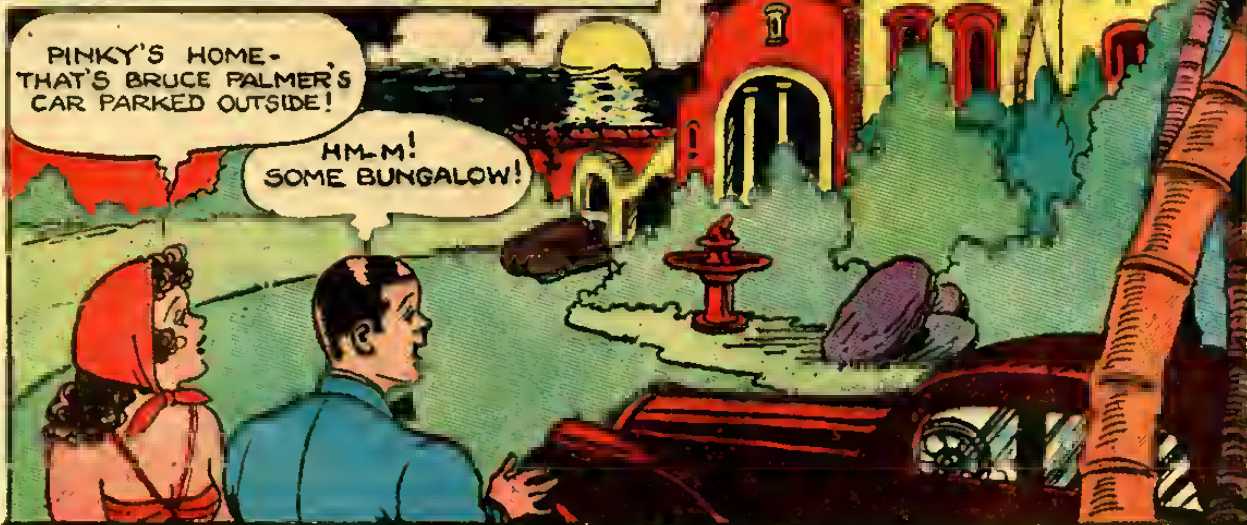
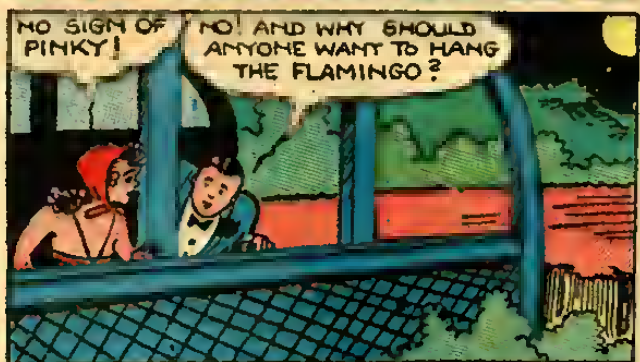
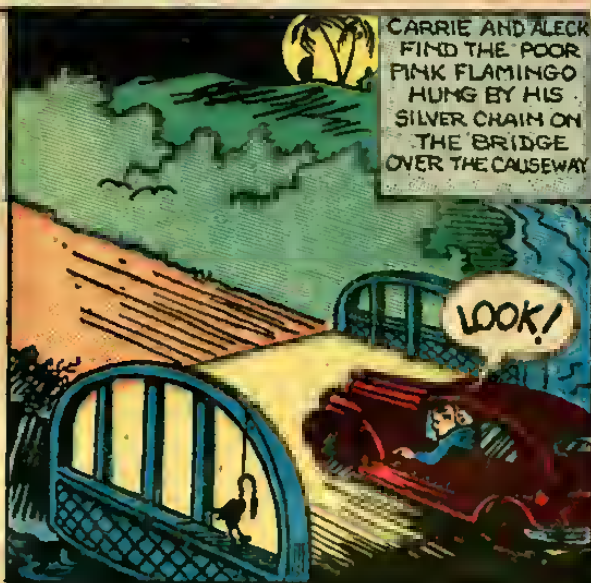
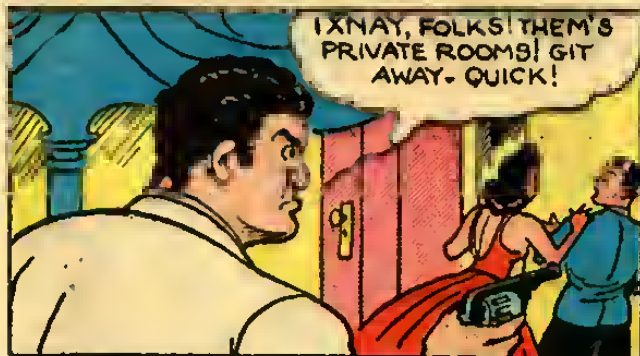


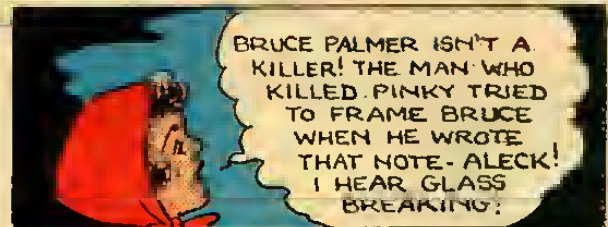
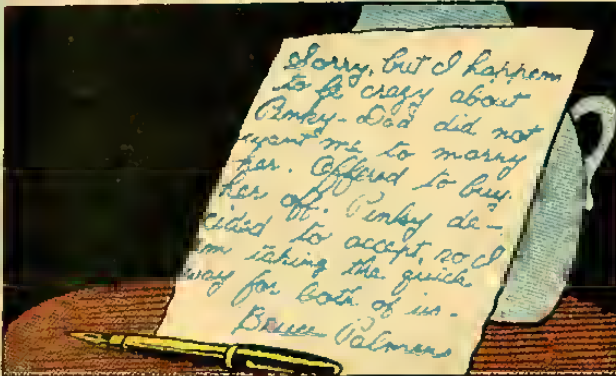
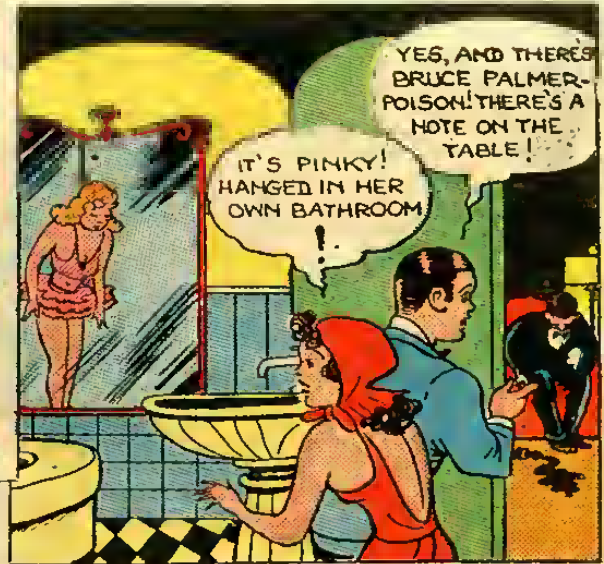
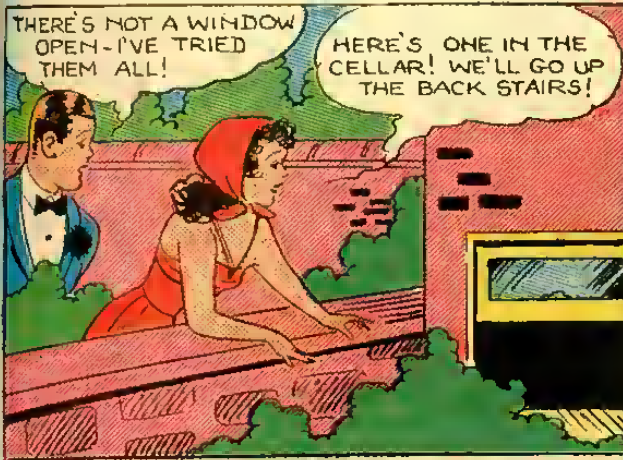
HEY!

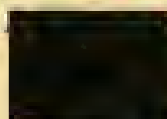
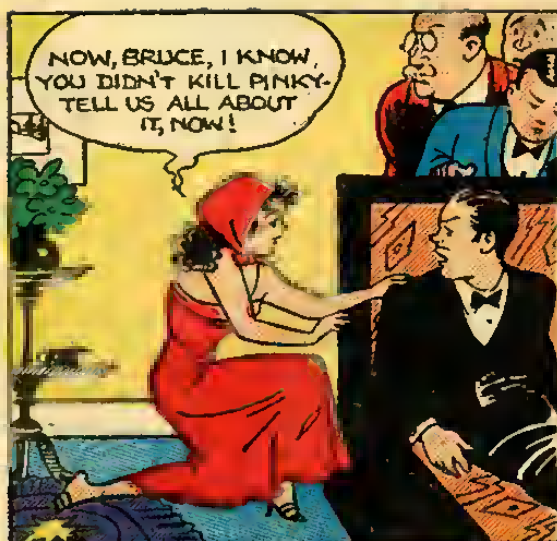
WAIT-FORGET MORGAN! BRUCE PALMER AND PINKY TOOK A RUN-OUT!

WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?









I FORCED PINKY TO LEAVE IN MY CAR BECAUSE SHE HAD ADMITTED THAT HER LIFE WAS IN DANGER. PHIL REED IS CRAZY ABOUT HER. DAD HATED PINKY, TRIED TO ENLIST YOU ON HIS SIDE WITH THAT MUTUEL TICKET. WHEN OUR CAR WAS ACROSS THE CAUSEWAY ~~THE~~ CAR BLOCKED ME AND MADE ME STOP- THEY WRUNG THE FLAMINGO'S NECK AND THREW IT UPON THE RAILING OF THE BRIDGE! THEN THEY CLUBBED ME ON THE HEAD!



THE GUILTY PARTY IS NOW A PRISONER

WHO DID CARRIE PICK AS THE MURDERER-
AND WHY?


I THINK I SHALL FOLLOW YOUR OWN ADVICE AND CALL THE POLICE! I ALWAYS LIKE TO WAIT TILL I'VE CAUGHT THE MURDERER- IT MAKES IT SO MUCH EASIER - DON'T YOU THINK?



PAGE 65 TELLS HOW TO WIN A PRIZE!

DICK'S LUCK

BY
**HORATIO
ALGER, JR.**



RICHARD, DEAR, THE END IS APPROACHING FAST! AFTER I'M GONE - GO TO THE ONE AND ONLY HOLE IN THE ROCK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF - UNDER OUR SUMMER HOUSE - AND YOU WILL FIND AN IRON BOX - DEEP INSIDE! IN THAT BOX IS MY WILL, FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH - AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUR FUTURE!

MOTHER!
PLEASE DON'T TALK ABOUT DYING! YOU'RE GOING TO GET WELL AGAIN, YOU'VE GOT TO!

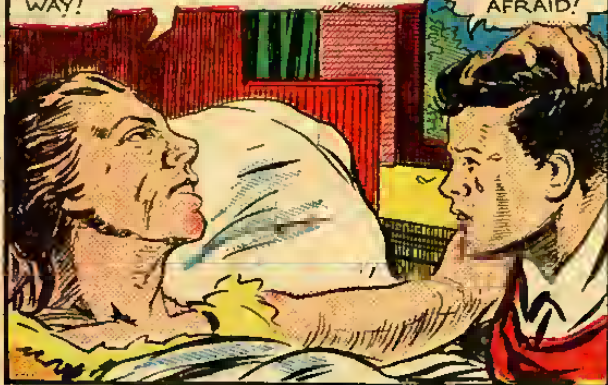
NO, MY DEAR, THERE IS NO HOPE, AND I AM READY! MY ONLY CONCERN IS FOR YOU! YOUR OWN LIFE WILL BE IN DANGER EVERY MOMENT AFTER I LEAVE! YOU ARE IN THE WAY OF A CERTAIN GREEDY - CRUEL AND VILLAINOUS PARTY!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, MOTHER, I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF -

NOT AGAINST MY DESPICABLE BROTHER AND NEPHEW, MY DEAR! THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING IN THE PATH OF THEIR LUST FOR MORE WEALTH! THEY HAVE MILLIONS - AND SO I'M NOT LEAVING THEM A PENNY! THEY DON'T NEED IT - AND MOREOVER - DON'T DESERVE IT!

THEY KNOW THAT YOU WERE AN ORPHAN AND THAT I'M NOT YOUR REAL MOTHER, AND THAT THEY, THEREFORE, AS MY ONLY LIVING RELATIVES, WOULD FALL LEGAL HEIRS TO MY FORTUNE, AFTER MY DEATH. — IF YOU WERE OUT OF THE WAY!

PLEASE STOP TALKING ABOUT DEATH, MOTHER, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME — I'M NOT AFRAID!



WITH HIS FOSTER MOTHER ENJOYING HER MUCH NEEDED SLEEP, DICK IS HEADED FOR A SECLUDED SPOT TO MEDITATE ON THE NEW SITUATION CONFRONTING HIM —

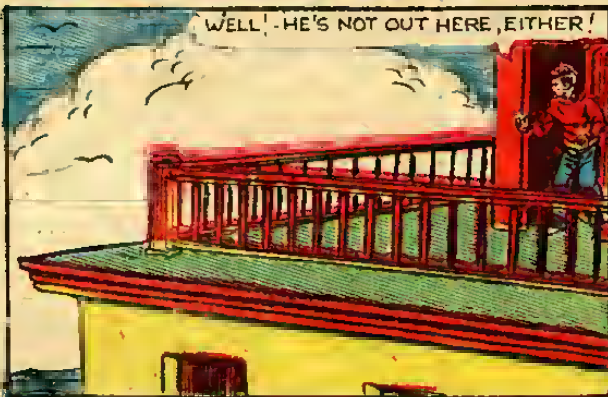
BUT FIRST—I'M GOING TO FIND THAT NEPHEW AND HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!



I SAW HIM GOING TO THE SUMMER HOUSE AN HOUR AGO! HE MAY STILL BE THERE!



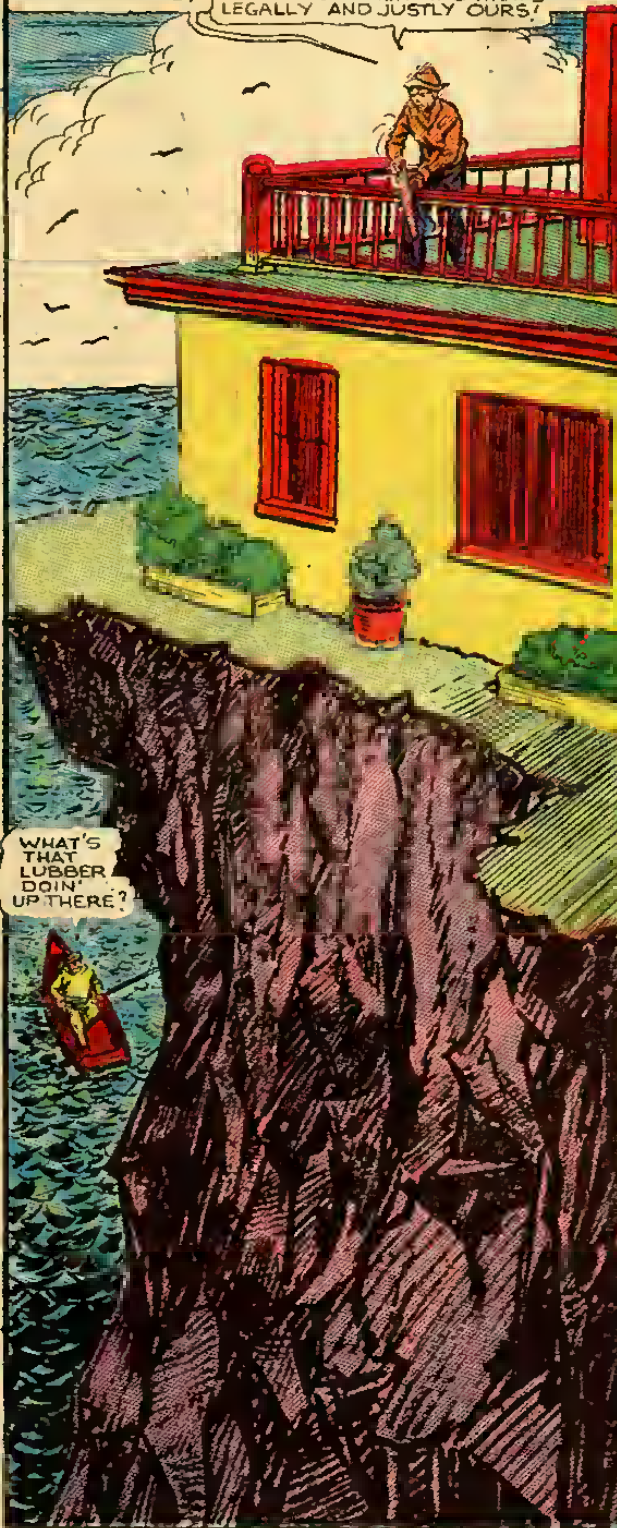
WELL! — HE'S NOT OUT HERE, EITHER!



MEANWHILE, NEPHEW CLAUDE MULSHER, JR., DOESN'T INTEND TO WAIT FOR MRS. TRAVIS'S DEATH —

MANY A TIME I'VE SEEN THAT GUTTER-SNIPE SITTING ON THIS RAIL! HIS NEXT TIME WILL BE HIS LAST! AND IF THIS DOESN'T WORK—ONE OF THE OTHER "ACCIDENTS" I'M PLANNING FOR HIM WILL!

NO OUTSIDER IS GOING TO STAND IN DAD'S AND MY WAY OF INHERITING WHAT'S LEGALLY AND JUSTLY OURS!





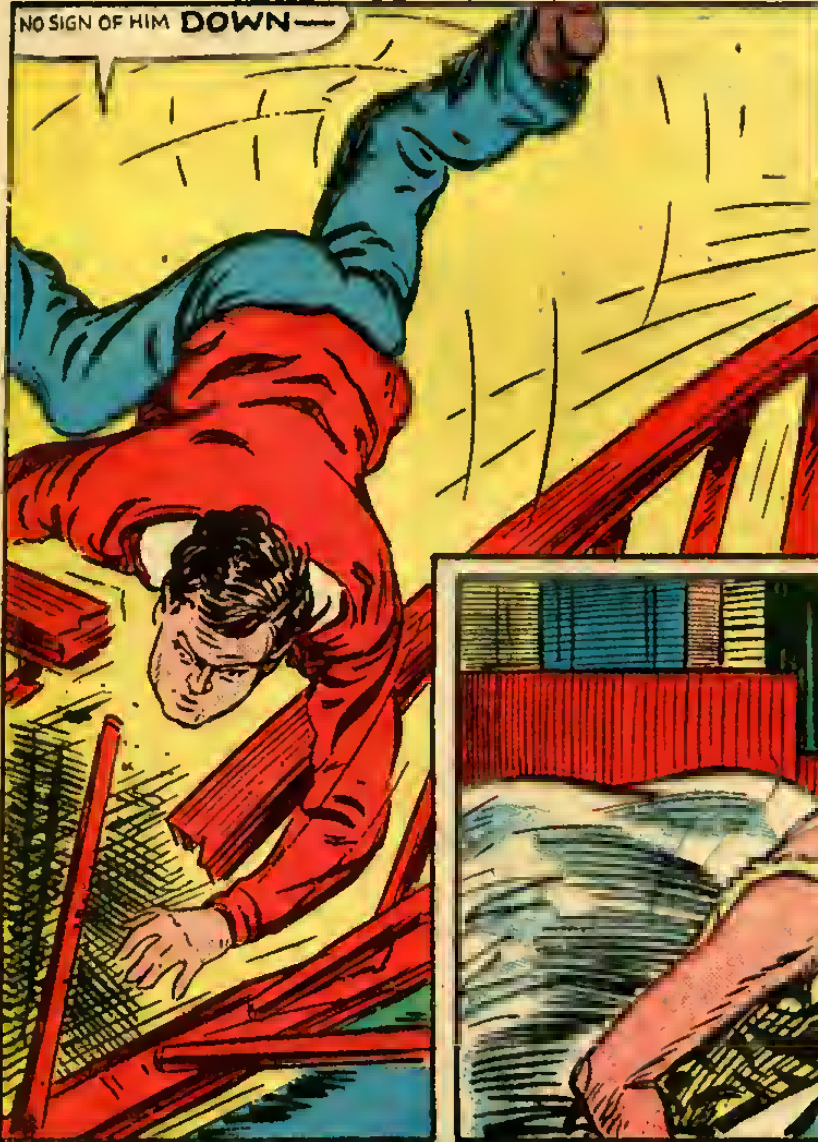
OH!! THANK GOODNESS!!
IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!



PERHAPS I CAN SEE HIM BELOW
FROM HERE -



NO SIGN OF HIM DOWN—



RICHARD!
RICH—



THE SHOCK OF SEEING RICHARD FALLING FROM THE CLIFF INTO THE SEA WAS MORE THAN THE DYING MRS. TRAVIS COULD ENDURE -

A WEEK LATER - IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE -

YES, MY BELOVED AUNT'S DEATH WAS QUITE UNEXPECTED SO SOON! ALSO THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF HER ADOPTED SON - RICHARD!

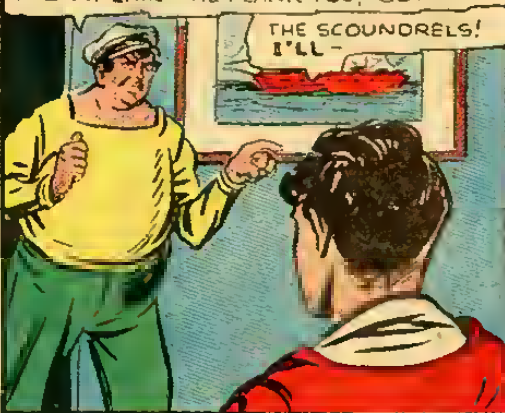
HOWEVER, IT'S ALL OVER NOW, AND AS HER ONLY LIVING RELATIVES - WE WANT TO SEE THE INHERITANCE PROPERLY DISPOSED OF!

I'M SORRY, MR. MULSHER, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT! WE'RE NOT SO SURE OF RICHARD'S DEATH! WE NEED MORE PROOF THAN WE HAVE AT PRESENT!



MEANWHILE, DICK, HAVING BEEN RESCUED BY OLD CAPTAIN PAGE - WHO - FROM A ROWBOAT BENEATH THE CLIFF - SAW MULSHER, JR., SAWING THE RAIL, HAS FULLY RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK AND OTHER MINOR INJURIES SUSTAINED IN THE "ACCIDENT" -

— AN 'MY LAD, THOSE TWO PIRATES HAVE NOT ONLY TRIED TO SCUTTLE YOU - BUT HAVE CAUSED THE DEATH OF YOUR MOTHER! AND THEY HAVE ME WALKIN' THE PLANK TOO! BUT -



AVAST THERE, MY LAD! KEEP YOUR SAILS FURLED 'TIL I SPIN MY YARN! - AS THE OL' PIRATE'S MATE IN OUR EXPORTING BUSINESS - HE SIGNED A NOTE FROM ME FOR ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! Y' COULD BLOW ME DOWN WITH A MARLIN SPIKE WHEN I FOUND THE NOTE WAS STOLEN FROM ME LATER! I'M SUSPECTIN' HIS SON - SO I'VE REEFED MY SAILS AN' AM ANCHORED HERE 'TIL I GET PROOF. THEN - FULL SPEED AHEAD - TO COURT WITH THE PIRATES!

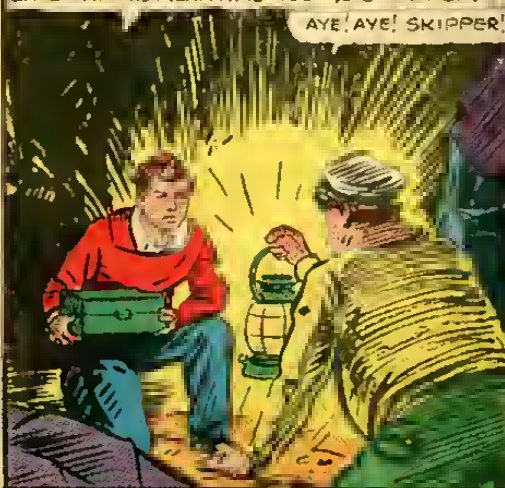


CAPTAIN PAGE! WE'LL TEAM UP AGAINST THEM - IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE!

AYE! BUT FIRST, WE'LL GET MY IRON BOX FROM THE HOLE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF! WE MAY NEED MONEY FOR THE FIGHT!



THAT EVENING I'M GOING TO MOTHER'S LAWYER RIGHT NOW. AT HIS HOME IT'LL BE BACK LATER! IN THE MEANTIME - YOU'RE ON WATCH!



LATER THE LAWYER JUST PHONED! DICK IS ALIVE! NOW WE DON'T GET A PENNY FROM THE ESTATE! A FINE JOB YOU DID IN GETTING RID OF HIM!



HE'LL BE OUT OF OUR WAY! I'LL GUARANTEE THAT!





TWO HOURS HAVE PASSED DURING WHICH TIME CAPTAIN PAGE HAS HURRIED HOME AND RETURNED WITH HIS CAMERA. DICK, WITH HIS LEGAL MATTERS DISPOSED OF, IS JUST ABOUT TO ENTER THE GROUNDS -



NOW! IN THAT CAMERA WE HAVE SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE TO PUT YOU IN JAIL - WHERE YOU BELONG - FOR MANY YEARS!

NO! NO! PLEASE!! DESTROY IT - AND I'LL TELL ALL I KNOW!

- IN WRITING!



LATER, WITH MULSHER'S SIGNED CONFESSION OF THE EFFORTS TO MURDER DICK - AND OF THE THEFT OF CAPTAIN PAGE'S NOTE IN THEIR HANDS, DICK AND CAPTAIN PAGE FORCE THE MULSHERS TO SELL OUT AND LEAVE TOWN

I'M FULL SKIPPER OF THE EXPORTING BUSINESS, NOW, MY LAD, AND WANT YOU TO SIGN UP AS MY FIRST MATE!

AYE! AYE! SIR!



WATCH FOR ANOTHER ALGER BOY STORY IN NEXT MONTH'S SHADOW COMICS



EXCEPT FOR A BAD LIMP, I FEEL IN PRETTY FAIR FORM, TODAY.

MY WORD! WHAT WAS THAT. A CYCLONE?

YEP. AN' A NEW WORLD RECORD!



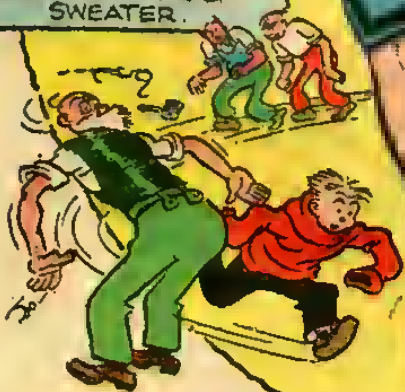
IN 1934, CUNNINGHAM WON THE MILE AT PRINCETON GOING AWAY IN 4.06.7. — ON A SPRAINED ANKLE!

SET THE WORLD INDOOR MILE MARK IN K OF C GAMES THE FOLLOWING WINTER AT 4.08.4

NYCE

THIS IS MY RECORD, PAL

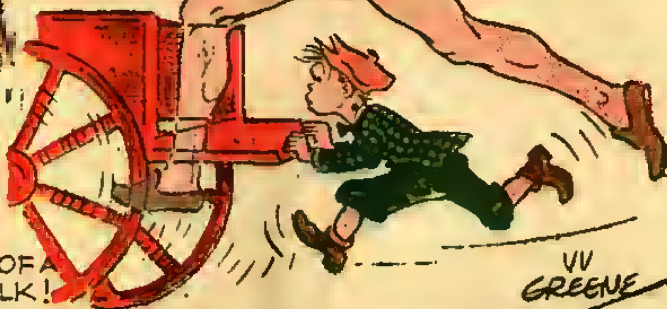
WON HIS FIRST RACE IN A COUNTY FAIR AT 12 WITH A CLOSING SPRINT OF 200 YARDS -- IN SNEAKERS AND OVER-SIZE TURTLE NECK SWEATER.



THE KANSAS U. STAR FINISHED 4TH IN THE 1932 OLYMPICS AND DROVE LOVELOCK TO A 1500 METER RECORD IN 1936. BEAT LASH AND GREG RICE IN A TWO MILE SPECIAL LAST YEAR. AT 30, HE LOOKS FORWARD TO ANOTHER BIG YEAR!

GLENN CUNNINGHAM

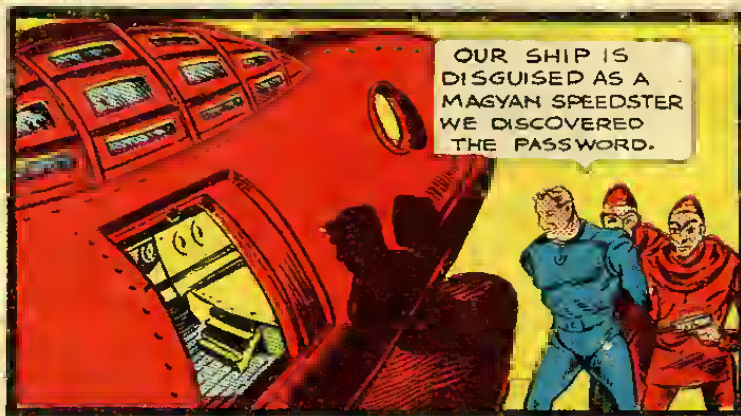
AT EIGHT, HE NEARLY LOST HIS LIFL IN A SCHOOLHOUSE FIRE AND SUFFERED SUCH SEVERE BURNS ON BOTH LEGS, IT WAS THOUGHT HE'D NEVER WALK AGAIN. HE LEARNED TO RUN BY HOLDING TO THE BACK OF A WAGON -- LEARNED TO RUN TO WALK!



VV
GREENE



IRON MUNRO, JUPITER-BORN AND EARTH-BRED DAREDEVIL OF SCIENCE, ROAMS SPACE WITH VENTURE-SOME SPENCER CARLISLE. HURLED BY A METEOR COLLISION INTO A STRANGE UNIVERSE, THEY ALLY THEMSELVES WITH THE MAGYANS--- DESCENDANTS OF CASTAWAYS FROM EARTH'S LOST CONTINENT OF MU--- AGAINST THE DEVIL-PEOPLE OF TEFF-EL. WITH ANTO RAYL, GIRL CHIEFTAINNESS OF THE MAGYANS, THEY WIN AT FIRST--- BUT IRON MUNRO IS KIDNAPPED BY TEFFLAH SPIES. HE KILLS ONE, BUT THEN STOPS RESISTANCE.--- **WHY?**

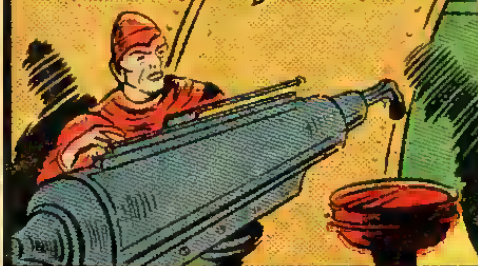


AND WHAT IS THAT
DEVICE OVER THERE?



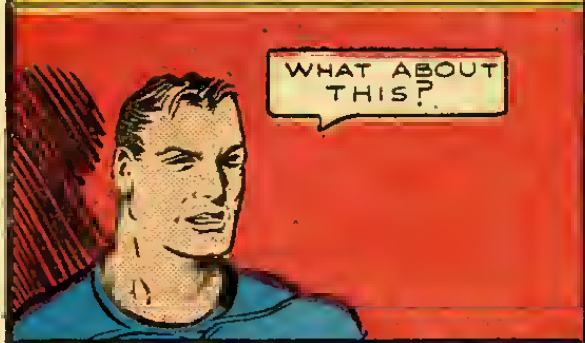
IRON MUNROS TRAINED
EYES TAKE IN ALL DETAILS.
HE BEGINS FLATTERING
THE BRAGGING TEFFLANS.

A FIRE-GLOBE PROJECTOR,
MAGYAN. THAT IS HOW WE
SEND THOSE BALLS OF
LIGHTNING AT YOUR SHIPS.



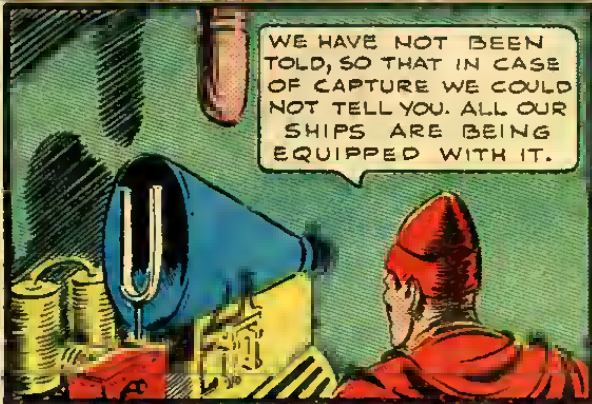
HMMM.
CLEVER...

BEFORE LONG, IRON WILL BE SORRY
HE DIDN'T STUDY THIS MACHINE.

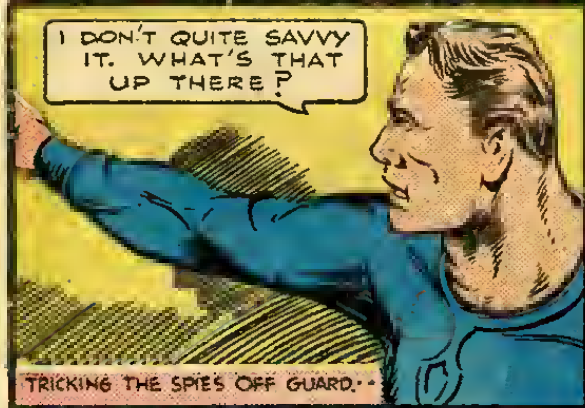


WHAT ABOUT
THIS?

WE HAVE NOT BEEN
TOLD, SO THAT IN CASE
OF CAPTURE WE COULD
NOT TELL YOU. ALL OUR
SHIPS ARE BEING
EQUIPPED WITH IT.



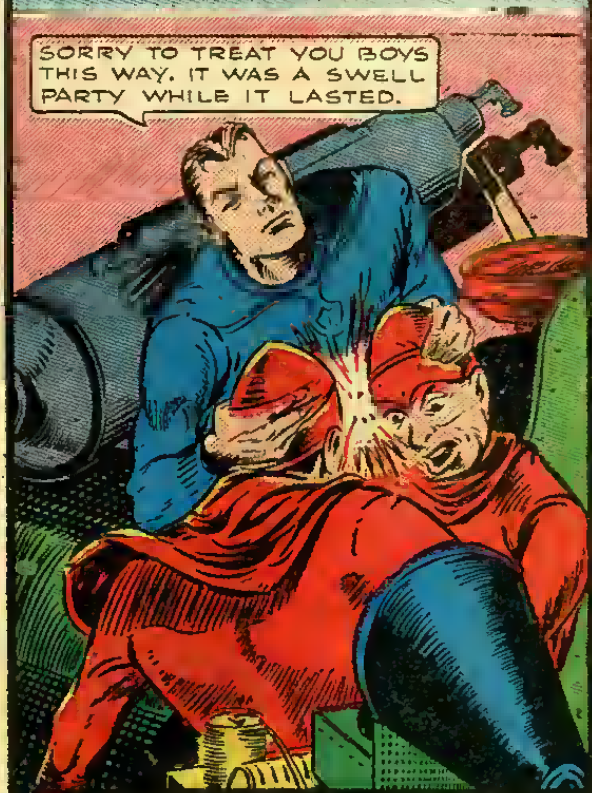
I DON'T QUITE SAVVY
IT. WHAT'S THAT
UP THERE?



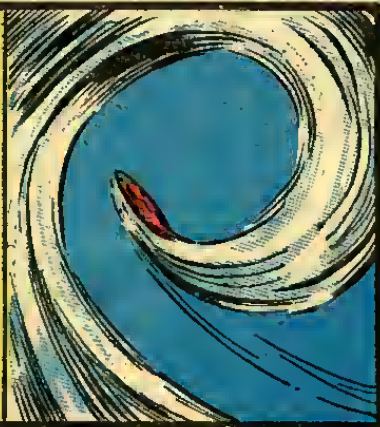
TRICKING THE SPIES OFF GUARD..

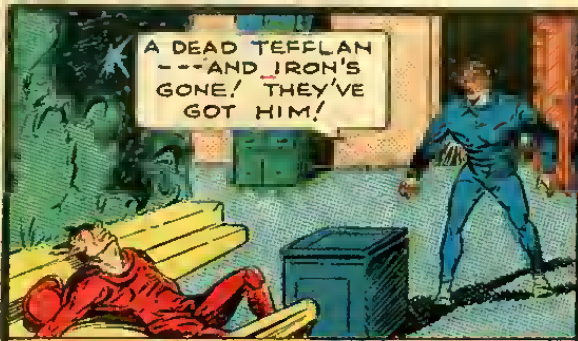
IRON MUNRO SMASHES THEM
INTO INSENSIBILITY.

SORRY TO TREAT YOU BOYS
THIS WAY. IT WAS A SWELL
PARTY WHILE IT LASTED.



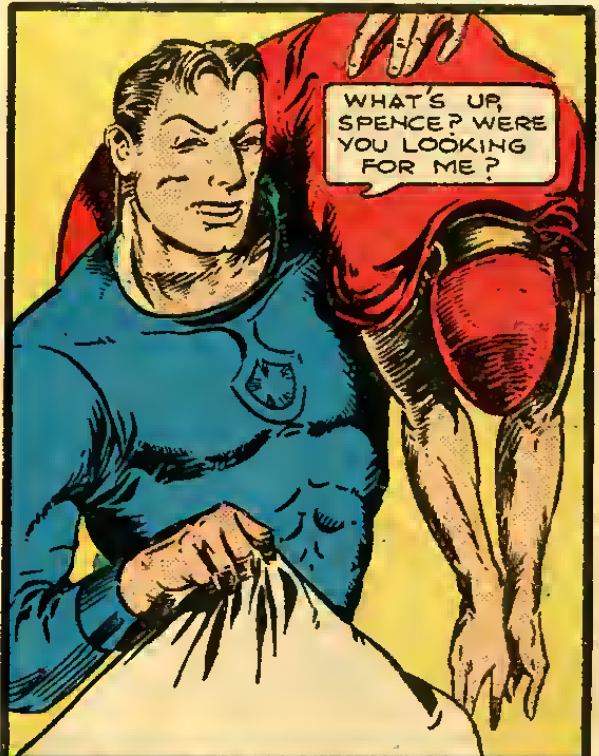
HE LEAPS
TO THE
CONTROLS.
A MINUTE'S
STUDY ---
--- AND
IRON
MUNRO
WHIPS
THE SHIP
AROUND
AND
HEADS
BACK FOR
MAGYA.





A DEAD TEFFLAN
---AND IRON'S
GONE! THEY'VE
GOT HIM!

MEANWHILE, AT THE LABORATORY, SPENCE
IS SHOCKED FOR A MOMENT WHEN ---



WHAT'S UP,
SPENCE? WERE
YOU LOOKING
FOR ME?

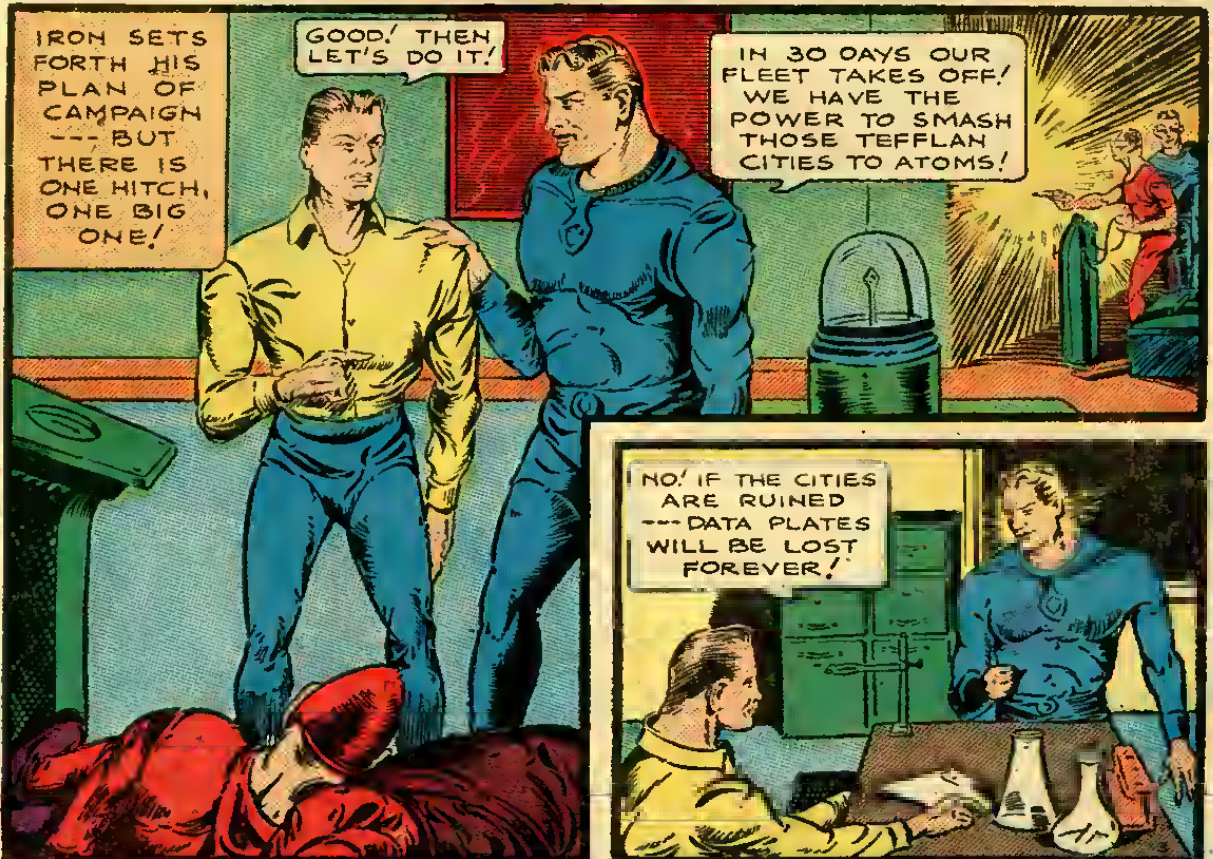
---IRON MUNRO WALKS IN WITH
HIS VICTIMS.



I DON'T SEE
HOW YOU DO
THESE THINGS!

I'M LUCKY
-- BUT
NEVER MIND!
COME INTO
THE LAB,
I'VE GOT
NEWS!

THE PARTNERS GO INTO
COUNCIL OF WAR.

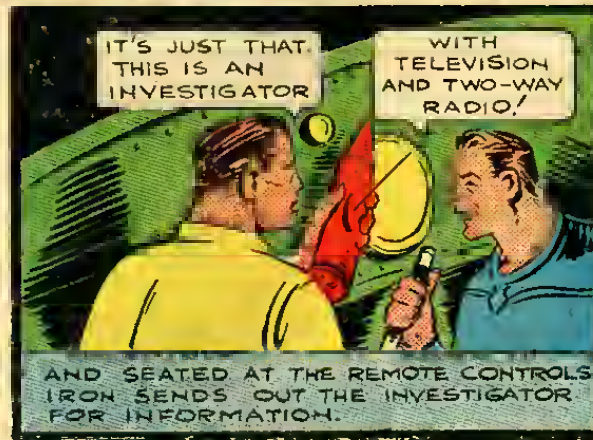
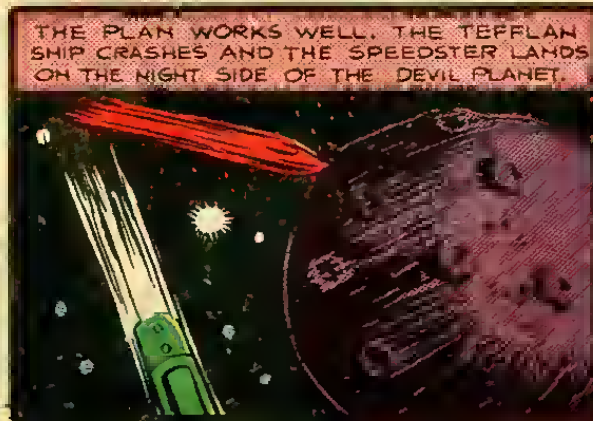
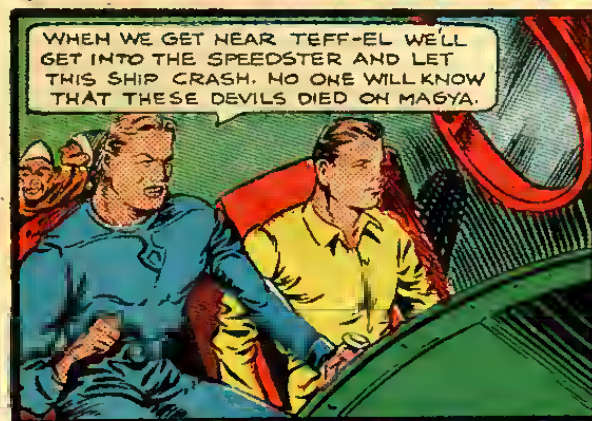
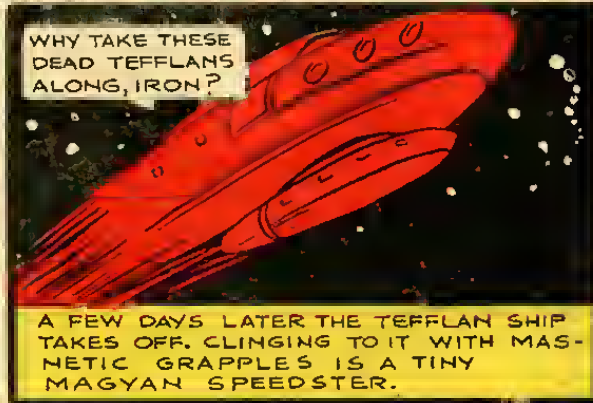
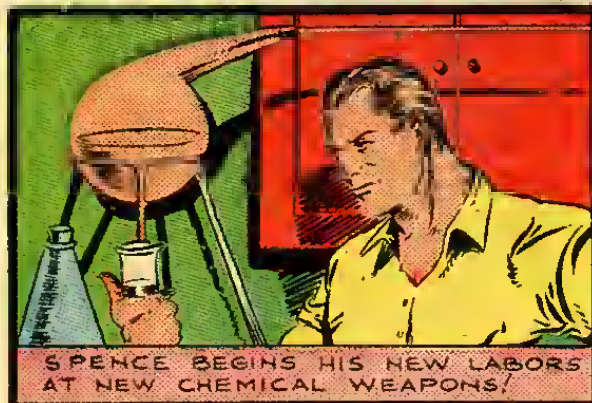
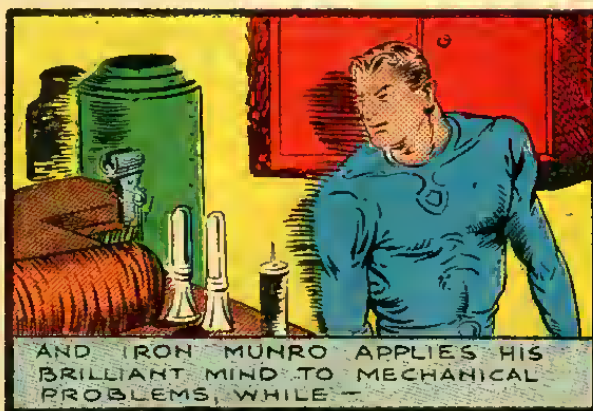
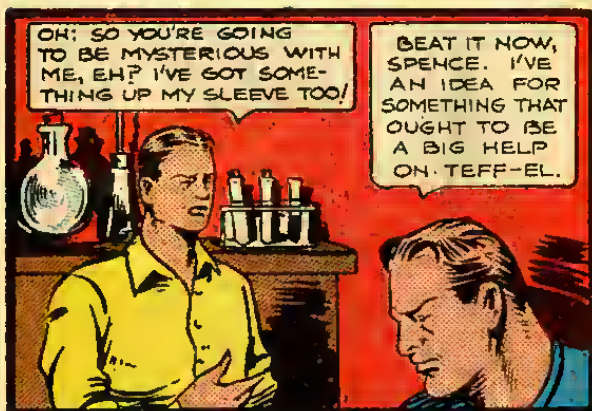


IRON SETS
FORTH HIS
PLAN OF
CAMPAIGN
--- BUT
THERE IS
ONE HITCH,
ONE BIG
ONE!

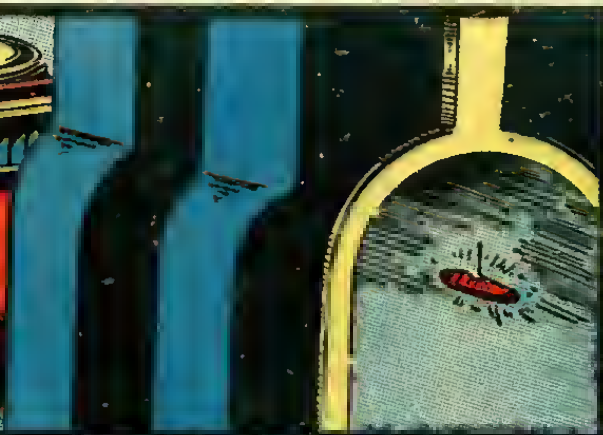
GOOD! THEN
LET'S DO IT!

IN 30 DAYS OUR
FLEET TAKES OFF!
WE HAVE THE
POWER TO SMASH
THOSE TEFFLAN
CITIES TO ATOMS!

NO! IF THE CITIES
ARE RUINED
---DATA PLATES
WILL BE LOST
FOREVER!



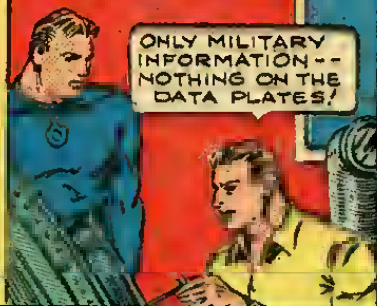
THE INVESTIGATOR SPIES ON
THE TEFFLAN CITIES ----



WHILE
IRON
AND
SPENCE,
LISTENING
AT THE
REMOTE
CONTROLS,
WAIT
FOR A
WORD
OF
HOPEFUL
INFORMATION.

WHAT ARE YOU
GETTING, SPENCE?

ONLY MILITARY
INFORMATION --
NOTHING ON THE
DATA PLATES!



IRON! I THINK
WE'VE GOT
SOMETHING!

GOOD -- BRING
IT IN!



AFTER HOURS OF VIGIL THE
PARTNERS SCORE A SUCCESS ----

THE TELEVISION SCREEN FLASHES
THE INVESTIGATOR'S FINDINGS

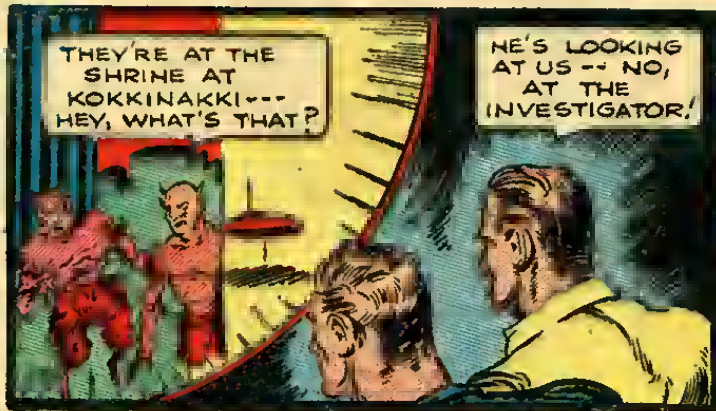
I HEAR THEY'VE
MOVED THE
MAGYAN DATA
PLATES!

IS THAT
SO?
WHERE?



THEY'RE AT THE
SHRINE AT
KOKKINAKKI ---
HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

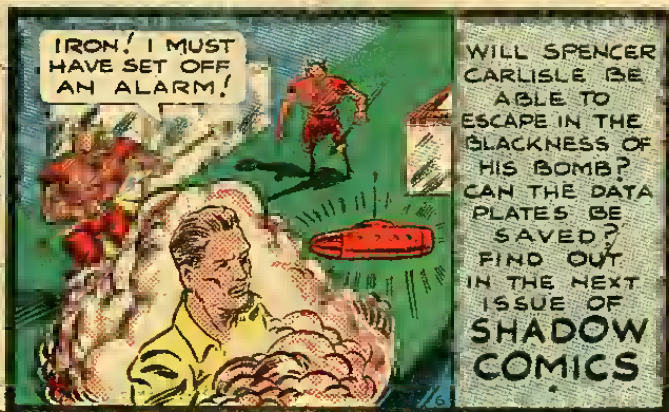
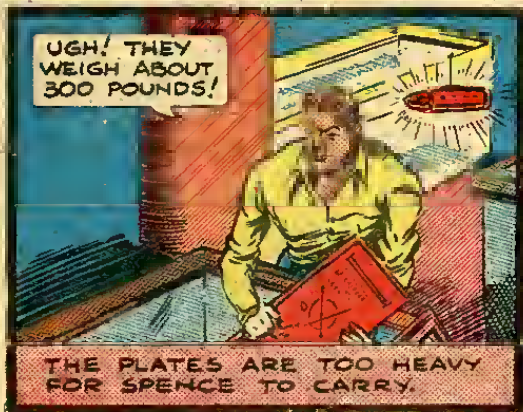
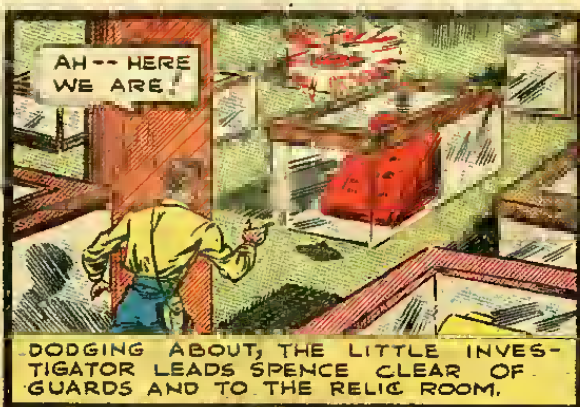
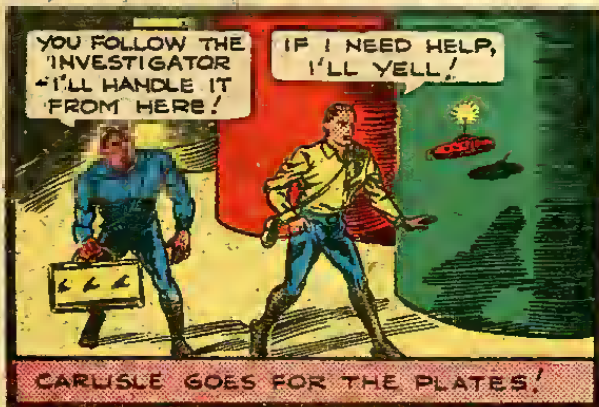
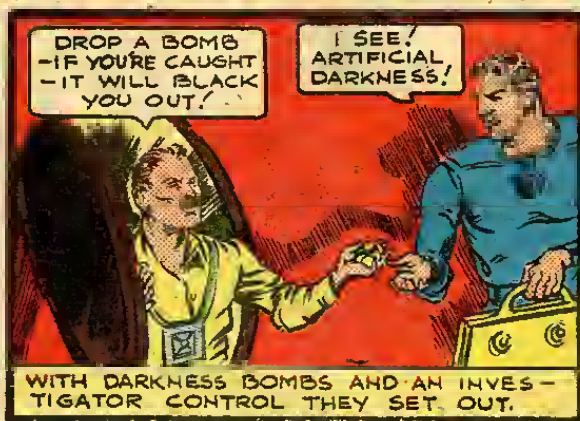
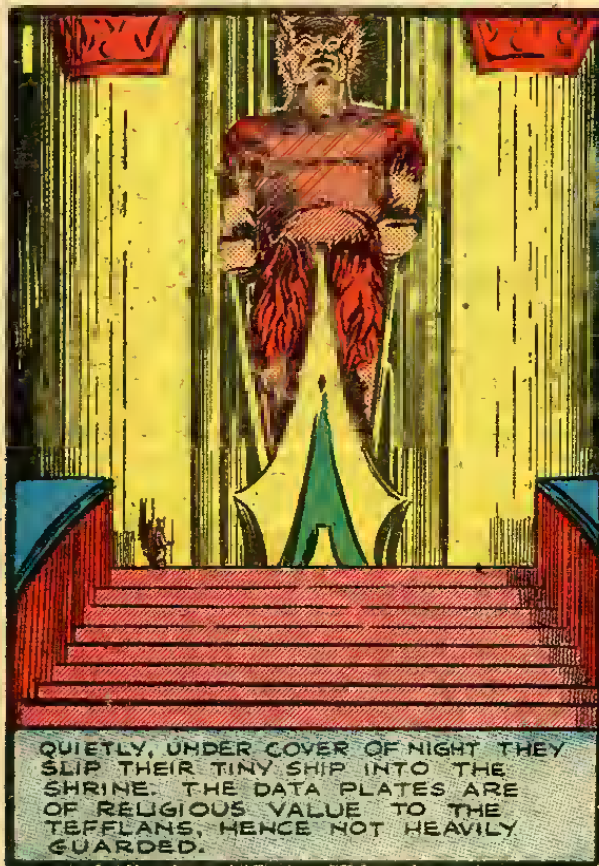
HE'S LOOKING
AT US -- NO,
AT THE
INVESTIGATOR!



THAT SETTLES THEM
-- I SET OFF THE
HIGH EXPLOSIVE
IN THAT
INVESTIGATOR!

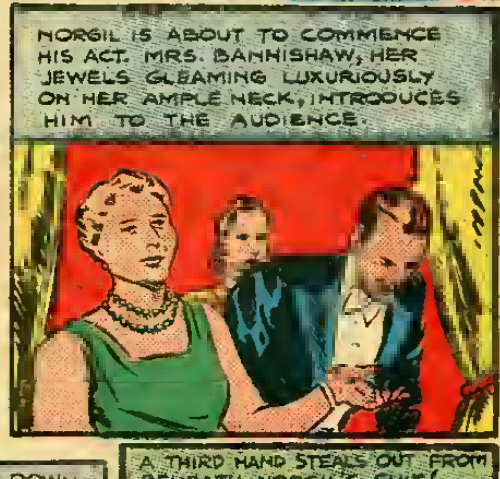
NOW TO FIND
KOKKINAKKI
ON THE MAP!







Norgil, and his pretty assistant, Miriam, are just about to leave for an engagement at wealthy Mrs. Bannishaw's, when Frenzel puts a proposition before the magician.



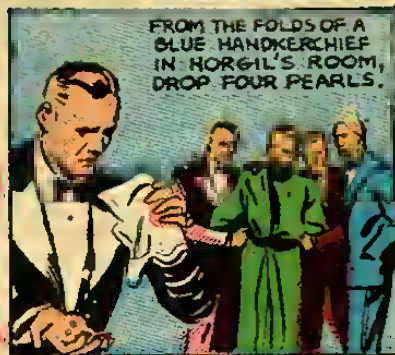
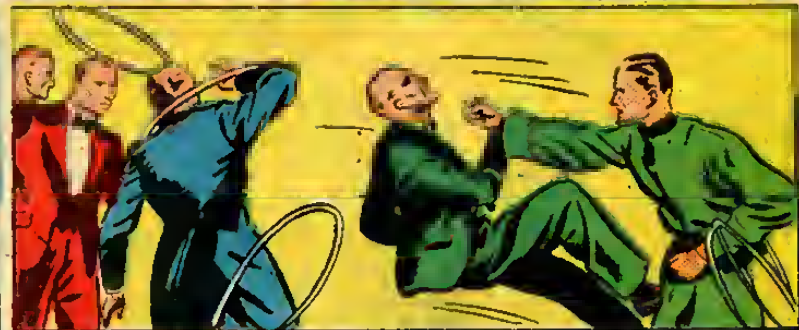
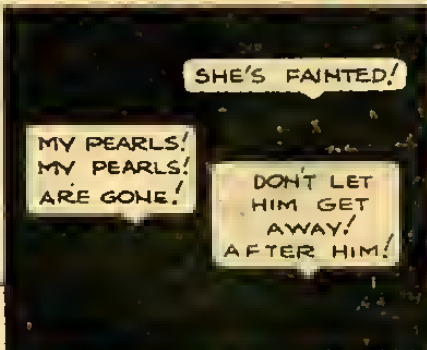


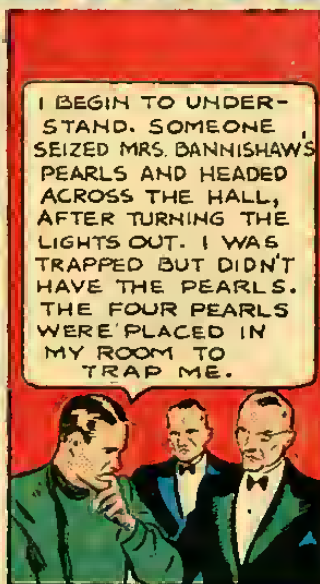
AS MIRIAM PUTS THE DUMMY-ARM IN THE CASE SHE HEARS SOMETHING IN THE ADJOINING ROOM.

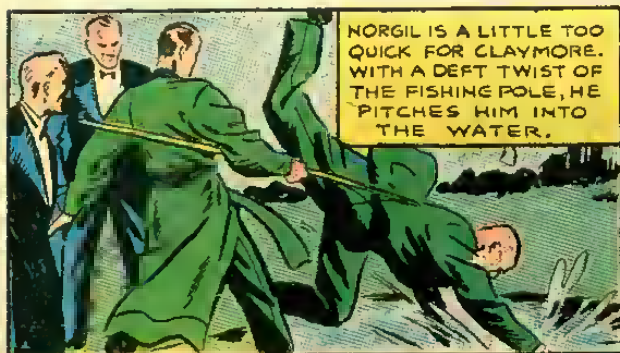


TAKING AN EMPTY REVOLVER FROM A COAT OF NORGIL'S SHE FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR TO BE CONFRONTED BY FRENZEL.





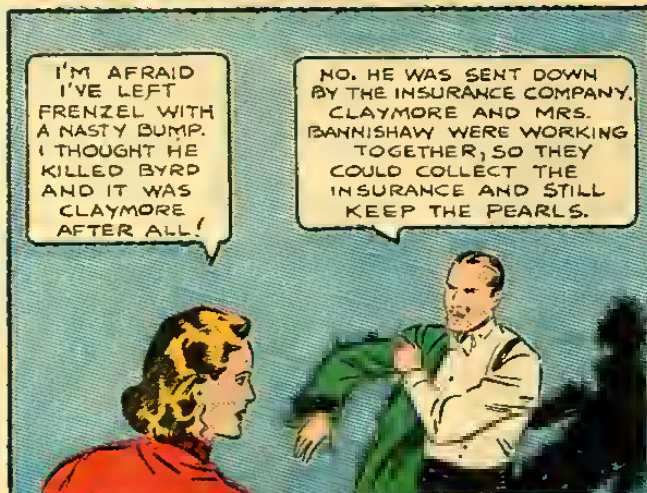




NORGIL IS A LITTLE TOO QUICK FOR CLAYMORE. WITH A DEFT TWIST OF THE FISHING POLE, HE PITCHES HIM INTO THE WATER.

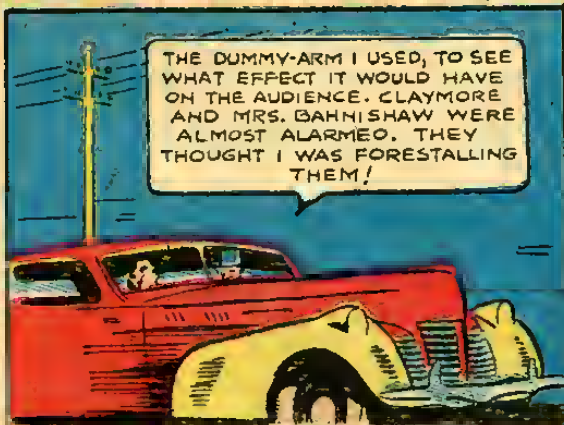


DETECTIVES RUSH AND FISH CLAYMORE OUT OF THE WATER.

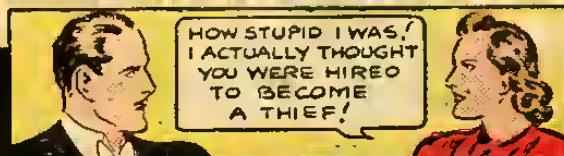


I'M AFRAID I'VE LEFT FRENZEL WITH A NASTY BUMP. I THOUGHT HE KILLED BYRD AND IT WAS CLAYMORE AFTER ALL!

NO. HE WAS SENT DOWN BY THE INSURANCE COMPANY. CLAYMORE AND MRS. BANNISHAW WERE WORKING TOGETHER, SO THEY COULD COLLECT THE INSURANCE AND STILL KEEP THE PEARLS.



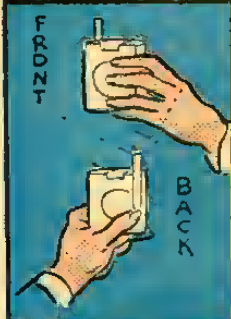
THE DUMMY-ARM I USED, TO SEE WHAT EFFECT IT WOULD HAVE ON THE AUDIENCE. CLAYMORE AND MRS. BANNISHAW WERE ALMOST ALARMED. THEY THOUGHT I WAS FORESTALLING THEM!



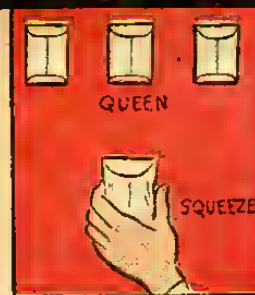
HOW STUPID I WAS! I ACTUALLY THOUGHT YOU WERE HIRED TO BECOME A THIEF!

THREE TRICKS for YOU

from NORGIL the MAGICIAN



RISEING CIGARETTE
A SIMPLE, BUT VERY EFFECTIVE TRICK. A CIGARETTE RISES OF ITS OWN ACCORD FROM A PACK. THE CIGARETTE IS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE PACK, AND THE THUMB PUSHES THE CIGARETTE UP. IT LOOKS AS IF IT RISES FROM THE INSIDE OF THE PACK.



SEVERAL CARDS - ONE QUEEN - ARE SEALED IN SEPARATE ENVELOPES. YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND THE QUEEN. USE YOUR OWN CARDS AND ENVELOPES. FIRST TRIM SIDE EDGES OF THE QUEEN SO THE CARD IS SLIGHTLY NARROWED. NEXT USE ENVELOPES THAT OPEN AT THE END, WHICH ARE THE WIDTH OF A PLAYING CARD BY SQUEEZING THE SIDES OF EACH ENVELOPE YOU CAN EASILY TELL WHICH ONE HAS THE QUEEN.

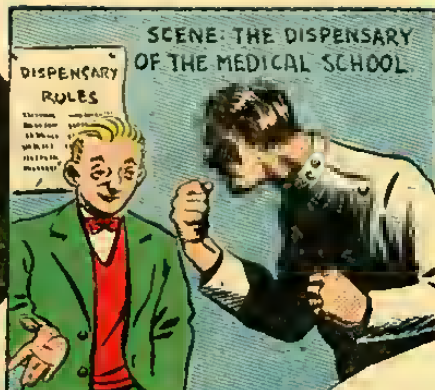
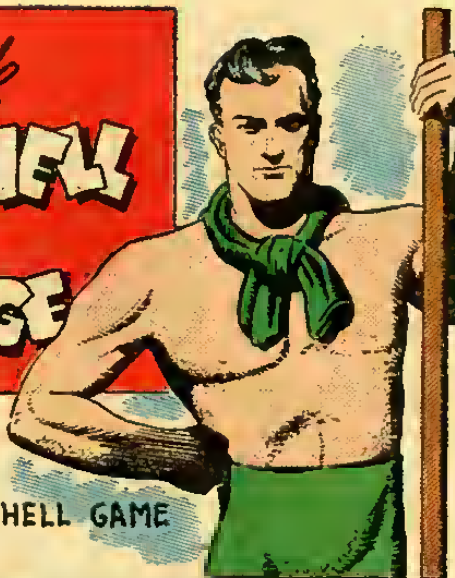


COIN THROUGH HAT
A DERBY HAT INVERTED ON AN ORDINARY DRINKING TUMBLER, THE MAGICIAN DROPS HALF A DOLLAR INTO THE HAT. THE COIN GOES RIGHT THROUGH THE HAT, THE CROWN AND INTO THE GLASS. TWO COINS ARE USED, ONE RESTS ON THE EDGE OF THE GLASS HELD BY PRESSURE OF THE HAT AND CONCEALED BECAUSE IT IS ON THE SIDE AWAY FROM VIEW. DROPPING THE COIN INTO THE HAT DISLODGES THE OTHER COIN WHICH FALLS INTO THE GLASS. PICK UP THE HAT AND SLOWLY TURN IT OVER, THE ORIGINAL COIN SLIDES OUT OF SIGHT, WITHIN THE INNER-BAND.

ANOTHER
NORGIL ADVENTURE
IN THE
NEXT ISSUE

Frank MERRIWELL at COLLEGE

THE EIGHT-OARED SHELL GAME



SCENE: THE DISPENSARY OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL

DISPENSARY RULES

"BADGER," SAYS SKELDING, "IT'S A FACT, MERRIWELL IS CHOICE OVER YOU FOR STROKE IN OUR RACE WITH HAYWARD." "I'LL SHOW 'EM," SAYS THE MEDICAL STUDENT ANGRILY, "THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT!"



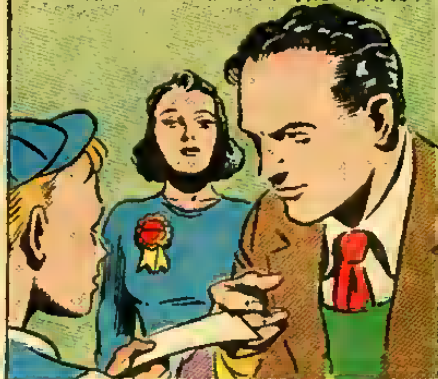
"I DON'T LIKE IT ANYMORE THAN YOU DO," SNEERS SKELDING, "I HAVE TOO MUCH BET ON HAYWARD, HA, HA! LISTEN, BADGER, FILL THIS WITH SOMETHING ALLERGIC TO A GOOD RIGHT ARM AND MAYBE MERRIWELL WON'T ROW SATURDAY."

DAY BEFORE THE BIG RACE. STUDENTS ARE GATHERED AT THE CLUB HOUSE WITH THEIR GIRLS.

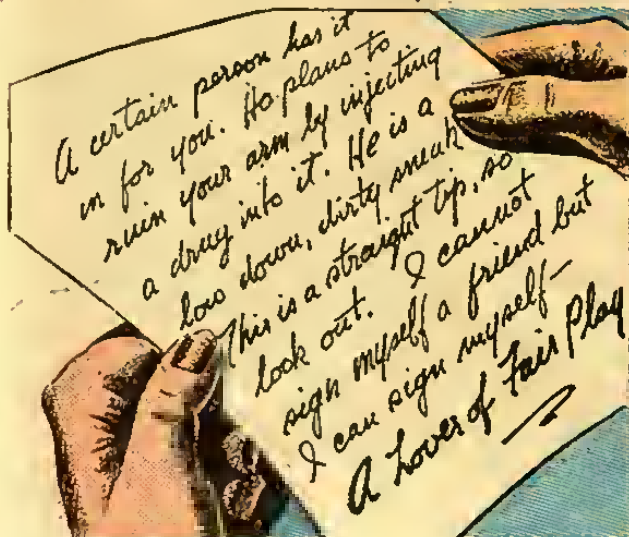
INEZ BURRAGE, IS NOMINATED BY FRANK MERRIWELL AS MASCOT FOR THE CREW AND IS ELECTED.



JUST THEN LITTLE FRESHMAN HEALY RUSHES UP TO FRANK, & PUSHES A NOTE INTO HIS HAND.

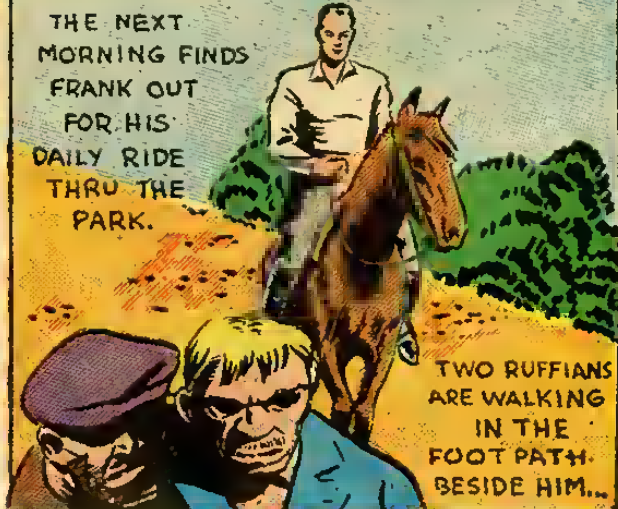


"SOMEONE MUST HAVE SLIPPED THIS NOTE IN MY POCKET - IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU, MR. MERRIWELL."



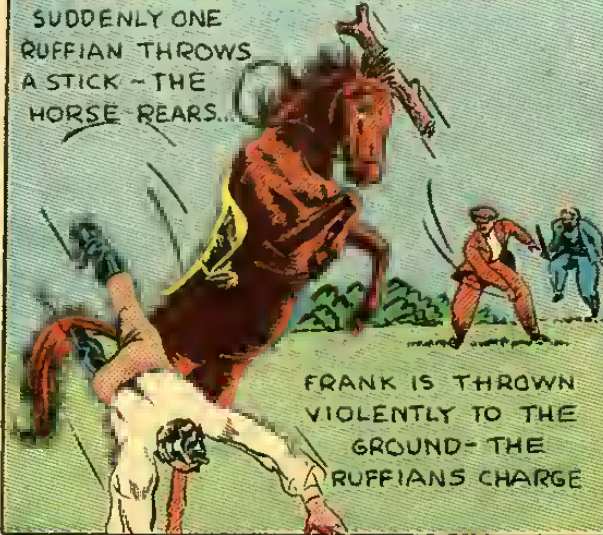
A certain person has it in for you. He plans to ruin your arm by injecting a drug into it. He is a low down, dirty sneak. This is a straight tip, so look out. I cannot sign myself a friend - I can sign myself - A Lover of Fair Play

THE NEXT MORNING FINDS FRANK OUT FOR HIS DAILY RIDE THRU THE PARK.



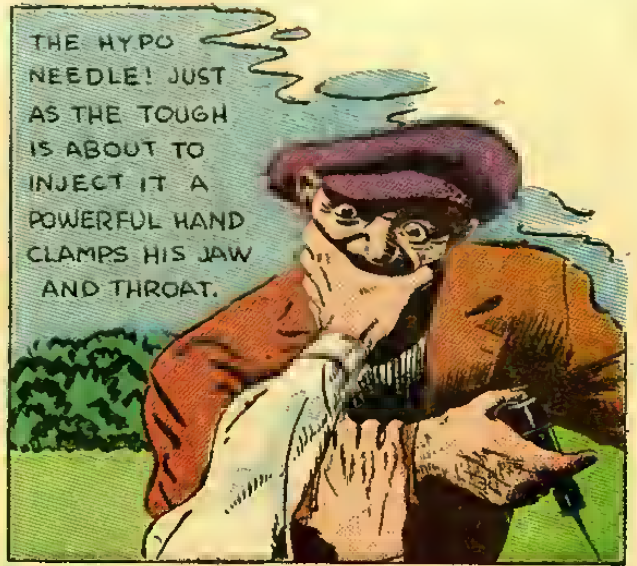
TWO RUFFIANS ARE WALKING IN THE FOOT PATH BESIDE HIM...

SUDDENLY ONE
RUFFIAN THROWS
A STICK - THE
HORSE REARS...



FRANK IS THROWN
VIOLENTLY TO THE
GROUND - THE
RUFFIANS CHARGE

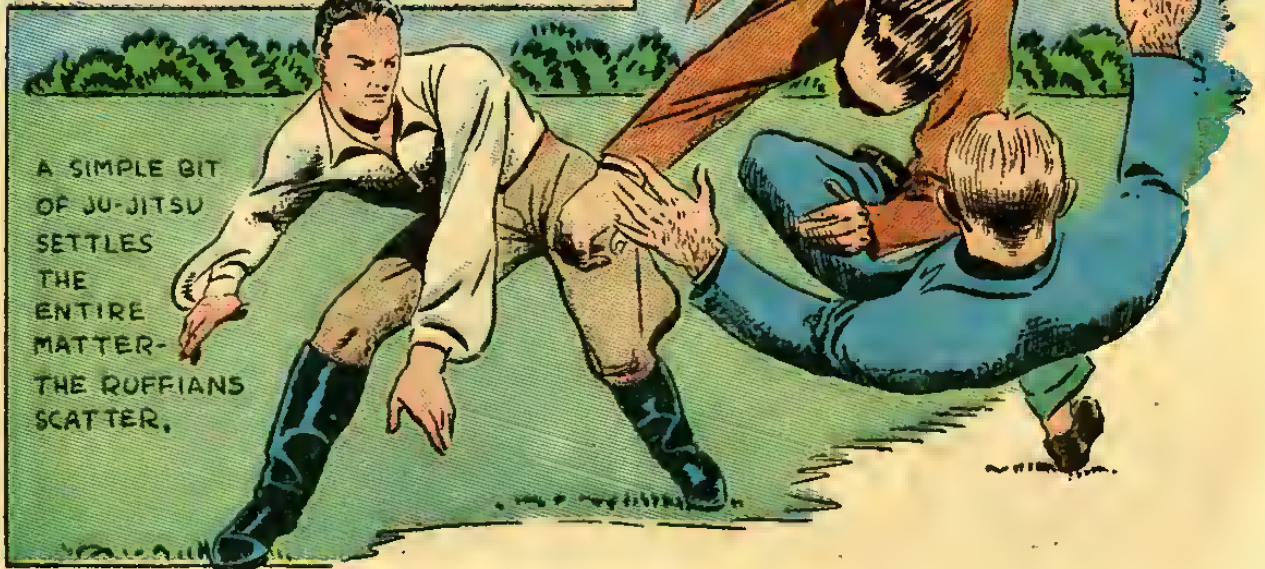
THE HYPO
NEEDLE! JUST
AS THE TOUGH
IS ABOUT TO
INJECT IT A
POWERFUL HAND
CLAMPS HIS JAW
AND THROAT.



FRANK'S
POWERFUL
RIGHT PUTS
HIM OUT
OF COM-
MISSION...

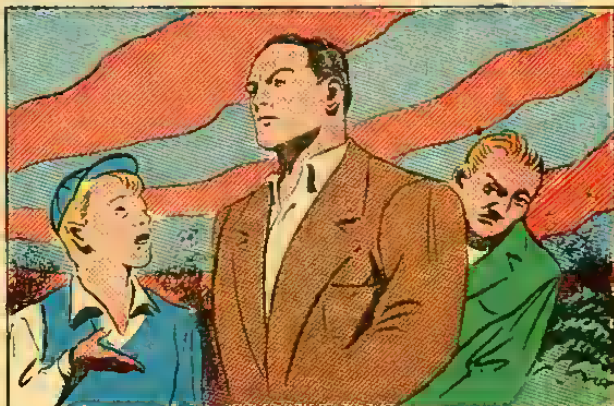


A SIMPLE BIT
OF JU-JITSU
SETTLES
THE
ENTIRE
MATTER -
THE RUFFIANS
SCATTER.





EVENING BEFORE THE RACE - FRESHMAN HEALY WATCHES 3 DARKENED FIGURES DOWN AT THE SHORE. ONE OF THEM SPEAKS-
 "MERRIWELL GOT AWAY FROM YOU TODAY BUT THIS'LL COOK HIS GOOSE FOR GOOD!"



HEALY RUSHES TO TELL FRANK WHAT HE HEARD. FRANK LOOKS GRIM, "WELL THAT'S THE SECOND WARNING, HEALY. I HAVE A DATE WITH INEZ TONIGHT, WE'LL STROLL DOWN TO THE BOAT HOUSE AND LOOK THINGS OVER THEN."



SUDDENLY - A
 VICIOUS ATTACK



THAT NIGHT FRANK & INEZ ARE AT THE BOAT HOUSE.

SUDDENLY INEZ SAYS, "WHAT IS THAT TICKING?"

"IT'S A BOMB, GET OUTSIDE, QUICK!" CRIES FRANK. "WITHOUT YOU - NEVER!" INEZ REPLIES.



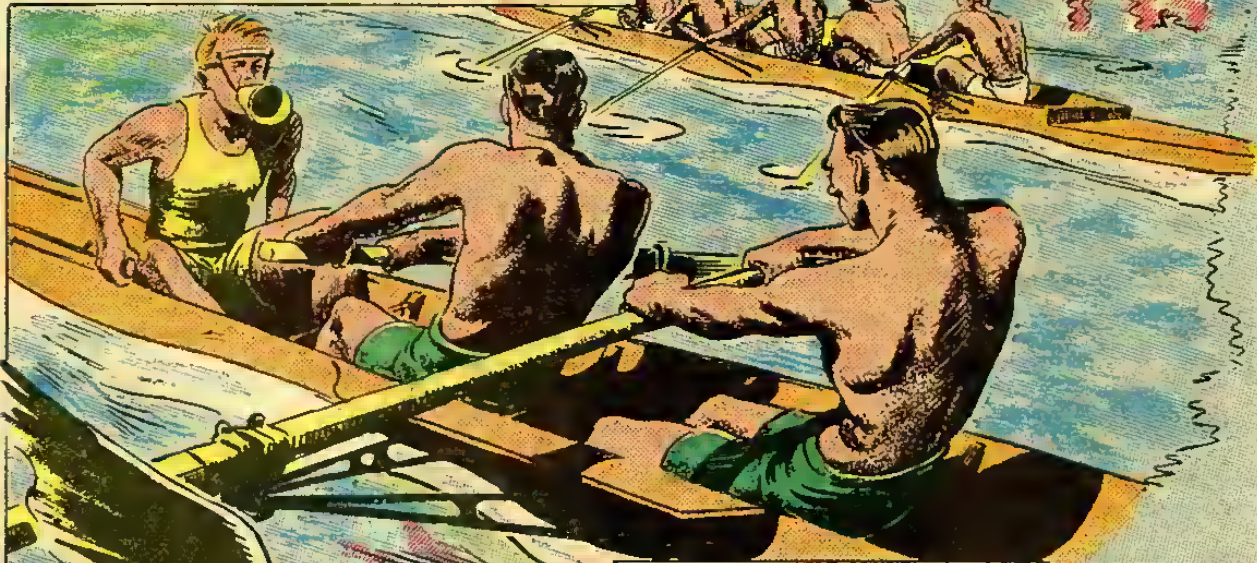
FRANK IS STUNNED-

"HERE'S WHAT YOU WOULDN'T TAKE YESTERDAY, PANTY-WAIST!"

"HE'S OUT FOR GOOD. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE - I RESET THIS BOMB TO GO OFF IN FIVE MINUTES - JUST TO MAKE SURE HAYWARD WINS TOMORROW."



FIVE MINUTES LATER - A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE RIVER FRONT

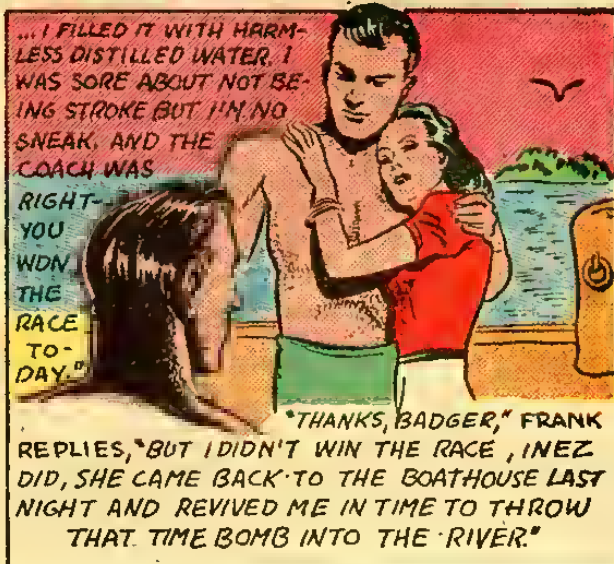
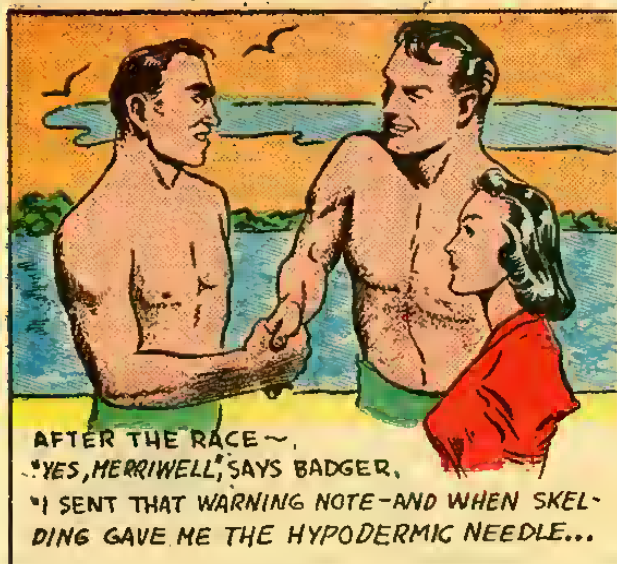


SKELDING AND HIS TWO RUFFIANS WATCH THE RACE FROM HIS MOTOR BOAT. CONSTERNATION HAS STRUCK THEM. "MERRIWELL - ALIVE!" EXCLAIMS ONE RUFFIAN WHILE THE BAFFLED SKELDING MUTTERS, "CURSE HIM!" "BUT HE'S STILL GOT THAT SHOT IN HIS ARM," REMINDS THE TOUGH.

DAY OF THE BIG RACE

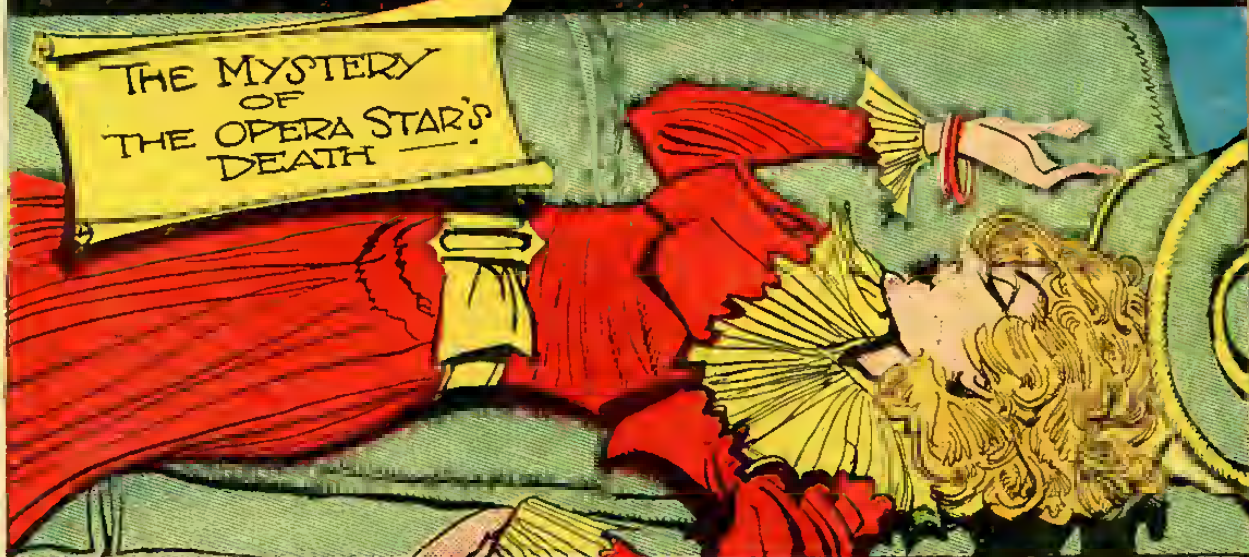
ALL THE GLAMOR AND GLORY OF A RACING DAY. INEZ CHEERS FROM THE COACH'S LAUNCH. **FRANK IS ROWING STROKE** — AGAIN DEATH HAS MISSED HIM BY A NARROW MARGIN. BADGER SITS BEHIND FRANK GLARING AT HIS INVULNERABLE RIVAL.





NICK CARTER

SUPER-DEATH.



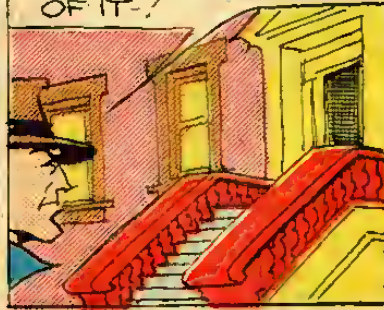
WHILE DEEP
IN WORK
NICK
CARTER
RECEIVES
A MOST
STARTLING
NOTE FROM
THORA
LARSEN,
A
REIGNING
OPERA
STAR —

DEAR SIR --- I AM IN GREAT
ANGER FROM A MAN I MARRIED
WHEN A YOUNG GIRL - AND WHOM
I THOUGHT DEAD THESE MANY
YEARS - RECENTLY HE HAS BEEN
SHOWING UP AT THE OPERA -
ALWAYS SITTING IN THE SAME SEAT.



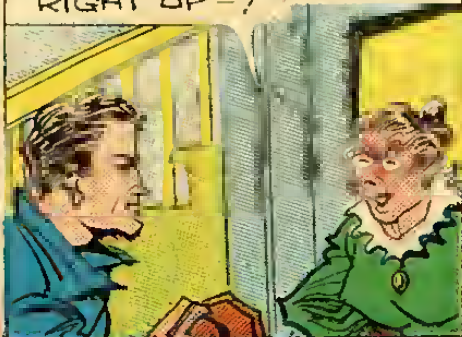
NICK
DASHES
OFF TO
THE
GIVEN
ADDRESS
AND
RECOG-
NIZES
THE
HOUSE
INSTANTLY
HE HAD
BEEN
IN IT
MANY
TIMES

WHY IT'S THE OLD
RICHARD RANFIELD
GAMBLING HOUSE -
I KNOW EVERY INCH
OF IT -!



MRS. GREEN,
THE HOUSE-
KEEPER,
ADMITS;
NICK,
DIRECTING
HIM
INSTANTLY
TO THE
APART-
MENT
OF
THORA
LARSEN.

SHE'S IN THE SECOND
FLOOR FRONT, SIR, AND
EXPECTING YOU, - GO
RIGHT UP -!

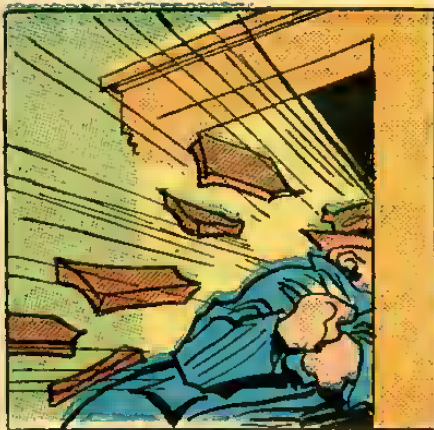


NICK
RAPPS
FOR
SEVERAL
MINUTES
ON THE
DOOR
WITH NO
RESPONSE
FINALLY
HE CALLS
FOR
MRS.
GREEN

OH HOUSEKEEPER -!
MRS. GREEN - !!



WITH MRS. GREEN'S PERMISSION, NICK, WITH ONE POWERFUL LUNGE, CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR.



NO WONDER THERE WAS NO RESPONSE, MRS. GREEN, - THORA LARSEN IS DEAD, - QUITE DEAD!



NO ONE COULD HAVE GOTTEN IN, MR. CARTER, BECAUSE THE DOOR AND ALL THE WINDOWS WERE LOCKED AND DOUBLE-BOLTED FROM THE INSIDE!



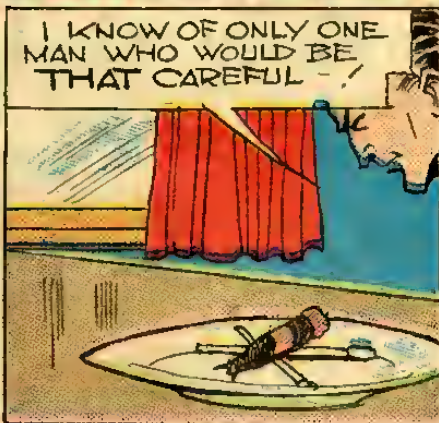
LEFT TO HIS OWN RESOURCES, NICK HASTILY MAKES A MOST MINUTE SEARCH FOR ANY POSSIBLE CLUES.

H'M - THIS GLASS ON HER NIGHT-TABLE IS HEAVY WITH THE ODOR OF A POWERFUL ORIENTAL POISON -!



NICK NEXT NOTES A CIGAR STUB ON A CHINA PLATE, SUPPORTED BY A PAIR OF CROSSED MATCHES TO PREVENT BURNING.

I KNOW OF ONLY ONE MAN WHO WOULD BE THAT CAREFUL -!



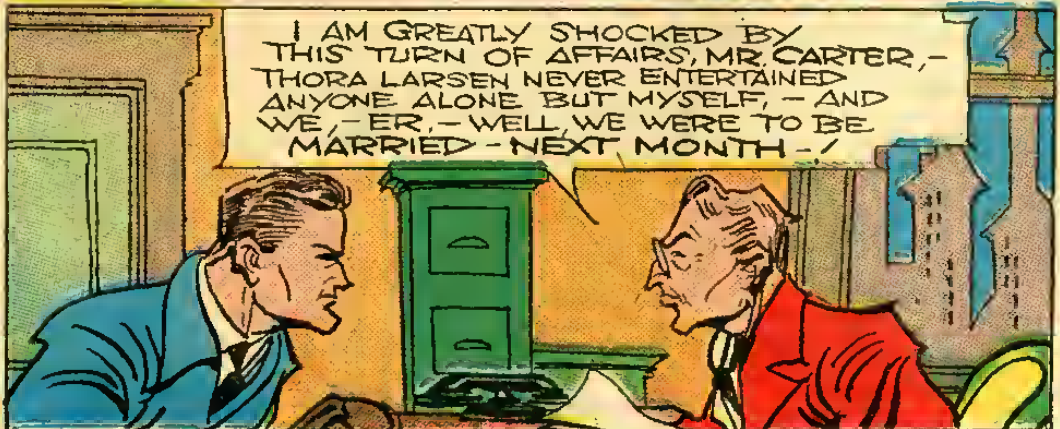
NEXT NICK PHONES THE POLICE, AND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, HE HAS ALREADY FORMULATED HIS PLANS.

THAT, COMMISSIONER, IS THE STATE OF THE CASE TO DATE, - I HAVE A FEW STRAY CLUES THAT I'LL FOLLOW TO THE END.!

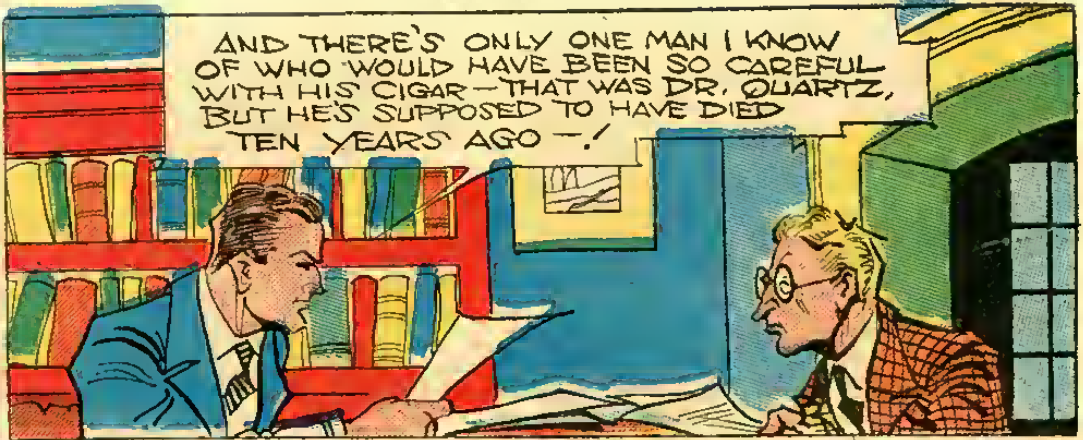


THEN HE VISITS MR. BROWN, BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE RECENT, THORA LARSEN. THE MAN IS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH GRIEF.

I AM GREATLY SHOCKED BY THIS TURN OF AFFAIRS, MR. CARTER, - THORA LARSEN NEVER ENTERTAINED ANYONE ALONE BUT MYSELF, - AND WE, - ER, - WELL, WE WERE TO BE MARRIED - NEXT MONTH -!



BACK
IN HIS
OFFICE
NICK
GOES
OVER
HIS
FINDINGS
WITH
HIS
ASSISTANT,
CHICK
AYLES-
WORTH.



AND THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN I KNOW
OF WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN SO CAREFUL
WITH HIS CIGAR - THAT WAS DR. QUARTZ,
BUT HE'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED
TEN YEARS AGO -!

NICK
ALSO
REVEALS
THE FACT
THAT
THERE
WAS A
SECRET
EXIT
THROUGH
THE
PANELLED
WALL OF
THORA
LAWSON'S
ROOM.

IT'S A RELIC OF THE
OLD GAMBLING HOUSE
DAYS - NONE BUT THE
OLD-TIME GAMBLERS
KNOW OF ITS EXISTENCE!



NICK
DECIDES
TO
QUESTION
THE
FEW RE-
MAINING
GAMB-
LERS
WHO WERE
FREQUENT-
ERS OF
RICHARD
RANDFIELD'S
GAMBLING
DEN.

I REMEMBER YOU WELL,
CARTER - I HAVE NEVER
MENTIONED THAT PANEL
TO A SOUL - I OPENED
THIS LITTLE CIGAR STORE
TEN YEARS AGO AND HAVE
GONE STRAIGHT EVER
SINCE -!



OF COURSE I REMEMBER
YOU, CARTER, - YOU VISITED
THE OLD PLACE MANY TIMES
ON CASES WITH YOUR FATHER
YEARS AGO - I'VE NEVER
SPOKEN ABOUT THAT HIDDEN
PANEL TO ANYONE, - I'VE GIVEN
UP GAMBLING COMPLETELY -!



WELL - I'M GETTING NOWHERE
FAST - JUST ONE MORE PROSPECT
LEFT, - ROGER DURYEA - 1269
GROVE COURT, - I'LL TRY HIM -!



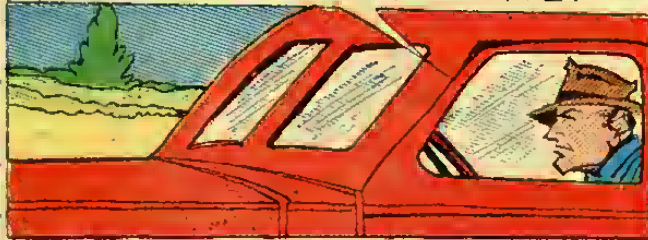
NOW THAT YOU SPEAK OF IT,
MR. CARTER, I DID MENTION THAT
PANEL EXIT FOR THE FIRST TIME
JUST RECENTLY - TO A NEWLY MADE
FRIEND, - A DOCTOR -



- AS YOU SEE, - I'M A SICK MAN, -
WELL, - HE GAVE ME A TREATMENT
THAT BROUGHT MARVELOUS
RESULTS - AND IN A CHAT ABOUT
THE OLD DAYS I MENTIONED
RANDFIELD'S - AND THAT SECRET
PANEL, - BY THE WAY THE DOCTOR
IS A RABID AVIATION FAN -!



BY JOVE - COULD THAT POSSIBLY BE DR. QUARTZ? - I KNOW HE'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED YEARS AGO - BUT, STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED - I'LL CHECK EVERY FLYING FIELD IN THE STATE!



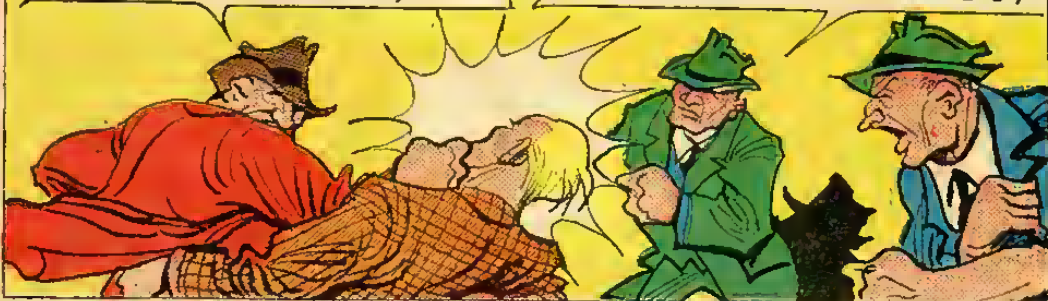
WHY YES - A PARTY THAT FITS THAT DESCRIPTION BOUGHT AN AUTOGIRO HERE ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO. - WAIT, - I'LL GET YOU HIS ADDRESS -!



NICK SENDS HIS ASSISTANT CHICK TO THE ADDRESS WHERE HE FINDS THE DOCTOR WITH THREE ASSOCIATES - HE'S RECOGNIZED

THE SNEAK - HE'S ONE OF NICK CARTER'S TOOLS! - GIVE HIM THE WORKS -!

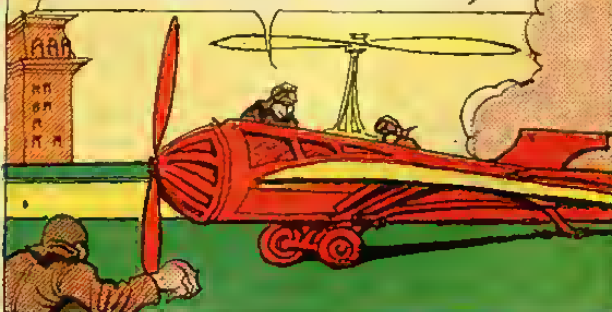
SNOOPIN' ON YOUR BETTERS, EH FELLER - ? WELL HERE'S A SOUVENIR TO TAKE BACK TO HIS NIBS!



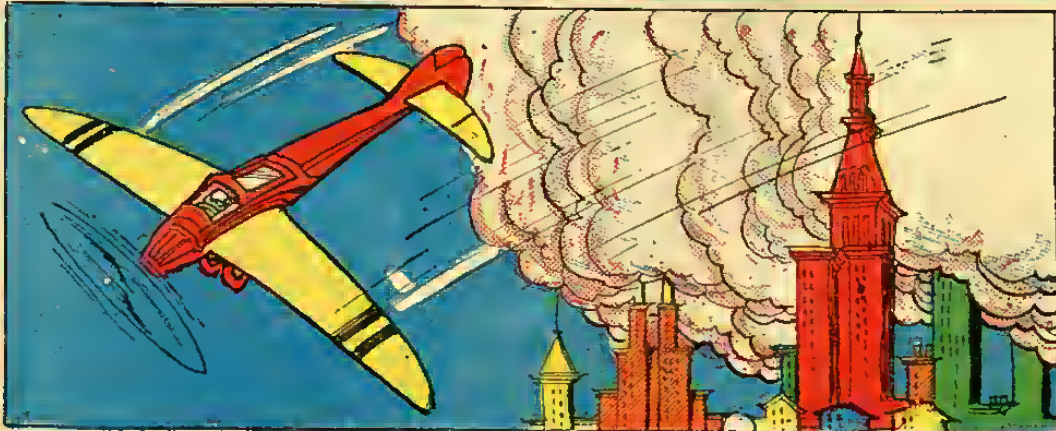
THEY GAG AND BIND CHICK TO A CHAIR - THEN FLEE TO THE ROOF WHERE THEIR AUTOGIRO IS IN READINESS -



SOUTH AMERICA NON-STOP, BOYS. WON'T BE ANY TOO FAR AWAY!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT A SINGLE SEATED PURSUIT SHIP ZOOMS OUT OF A CLOUD BANK AND FORCES THEM TO THE GROUND

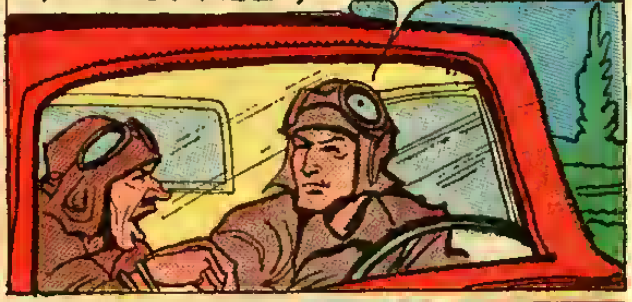


NICK
CARTER!

HIMSELF - IN PERSON,
DR. QUARTZ -
REACH !!

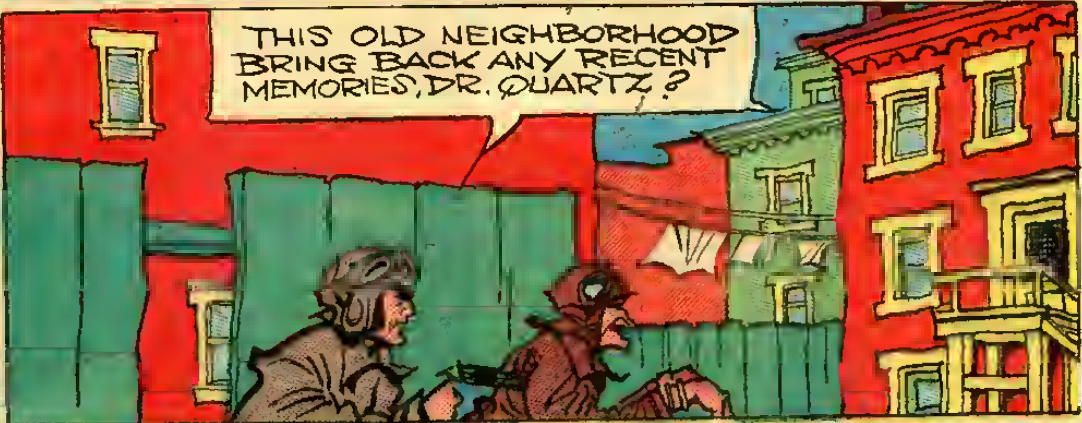


THERE ARE SEVERAL LITTLE
LOOSE ENDS THAT I WISH TO
UNRAVEL, DR. QUARTZ, AND
I THINK YOU CAN BE OF GREAT
ASSISTANCE -

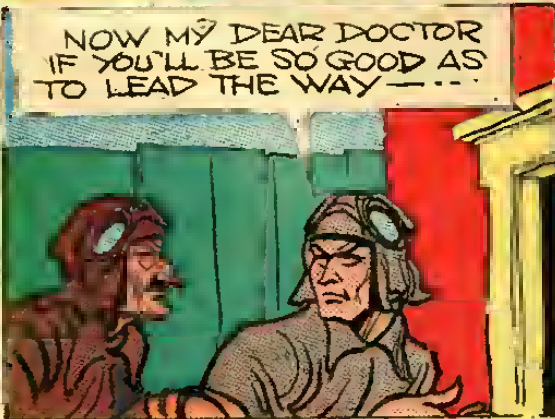


NICK
LEADS
THE
HAND-
CUFFED
DOCTOR
TO THE
BACK
ENTRANCE
OF
THE
GAMBLING
HOUSE

THIS OLD NEIGHBORHOOD
BRING BACK ANY RECENT
MEMORIES, DR. QUARTZ?



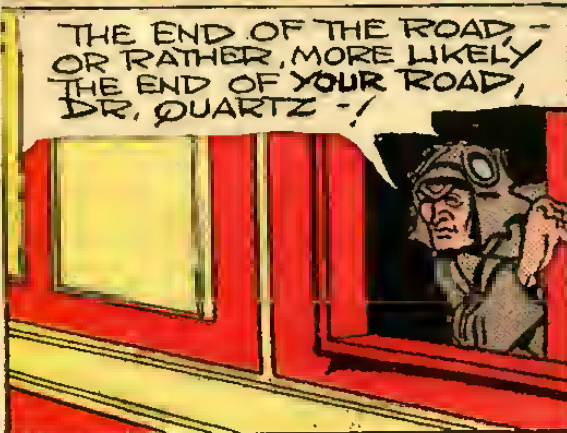
NOW MY DEAR DOCTOR
IF YOU'LL BE SO GOOD AS
TO LEAD THE WAY - ...



- WE'LL NEGOTIATE THIS
BLIND EXIT TO THE
SECOND FLOOR FRONT,
AND BY THE WAY -
YOU'RE WELL COVERED!



THE END OF THE ROAD -
OR RATHER, MORE LIKELY
THE END OF YOUR ROAD,
DR. QUARTZ -!



NOW I SHALL SHOW YOU
WHAT I HAVE MARKED IN
EVIDENCE AS EXHIBIT 'A'!



MY THORA !!

WITH THAT DOCTOR QUARTZ, COLLAPSES. NICK WORKS OVER HIM A FEW MINUTES AND REVIVES HIM.

COME, COME DOCTOR, - THIS IS NO TIME FOR A FADE-OUT!

WHERE AM I? - OH YES, - NICK CARTER - I, I, - LISTEN - ...

- NOW I CAN TELL IT - - I AM DR. QUARTZ, - AND I WAS THORA'S HUSBAND, - NOW HER WIDOWER -!

I DID IT, - I LOVED THORA INSANELY - BUT I COULDN'T MAKE HER UNDERSTAND - AND THEN THIS MARRIAGE PACT WITH HER MANAGER DROVE ME MAD - I DID IT - DID IT - DID IT!!

AS NICK CARTER PREPARES TO TAKE HIM INTO CUSTODY DOCTOR QUARTZ HASTILY SWALLOWS A PILL.

AND INSTANTLY PASSES INTO OBLIVION

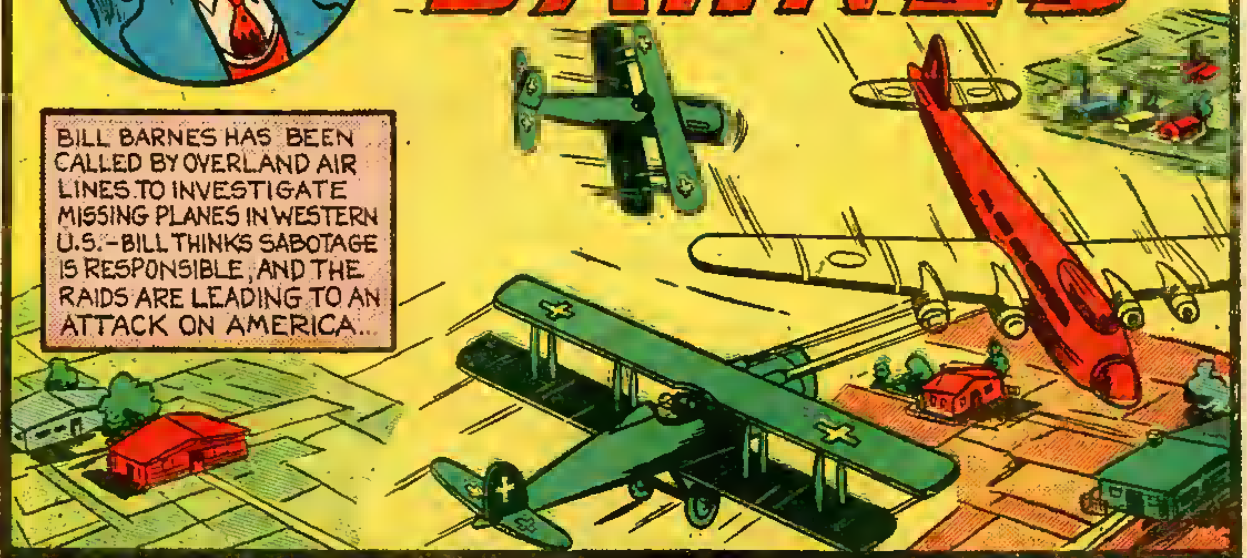
ENDING THE CASE WITH A FINAL WORD OF PRAISE

NO ONE BUT NICK CARTER COULD HAVE EVER CAUGHT ME!

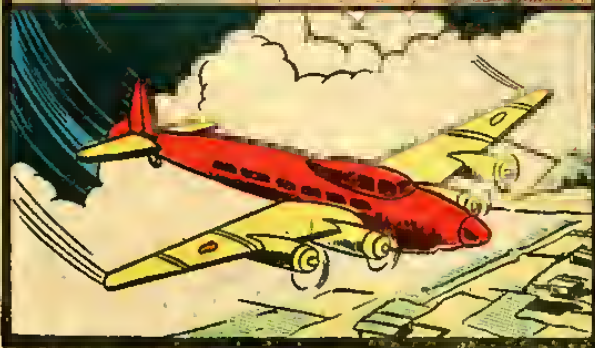


BILL BARNES

BILL BARNES HAS BEEN CALLED BY OVERLAND AIR LINES TO INVESTIGATE MISSING PLANES IN WESTERN U.S. - BILL THINKS SABOTAGE IS RESPONSIBLE, AND THE RAIDS ARE LEADING TO AN ATTACK ON AMERICA.



AN AIR LINER SPEEDS THROUGH THE SKY UNAWARE OF THE DANGER LURKING AHEAD.



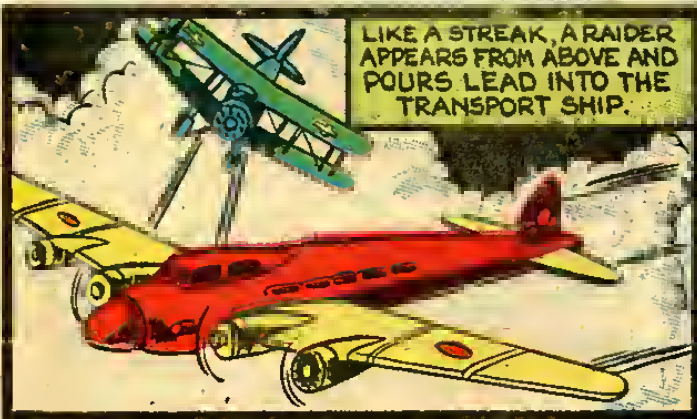
WELL, SO FAR THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE RAIDERS.

YES, BUT WE'RE STILL IN THE WORST PART.

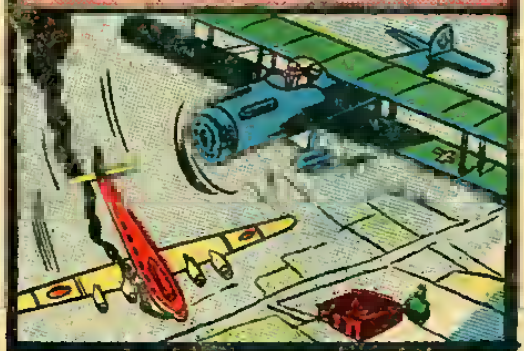
INSIDE THE PLANE.

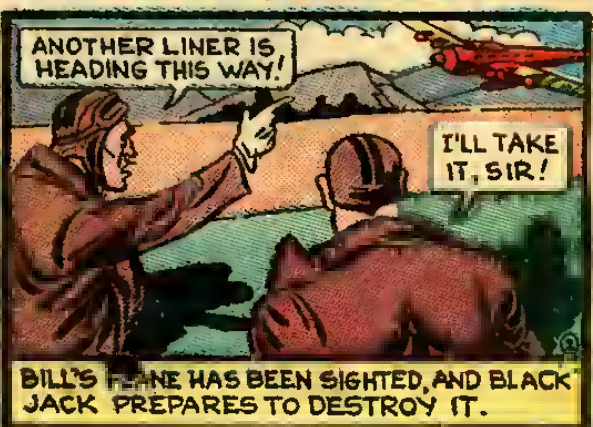
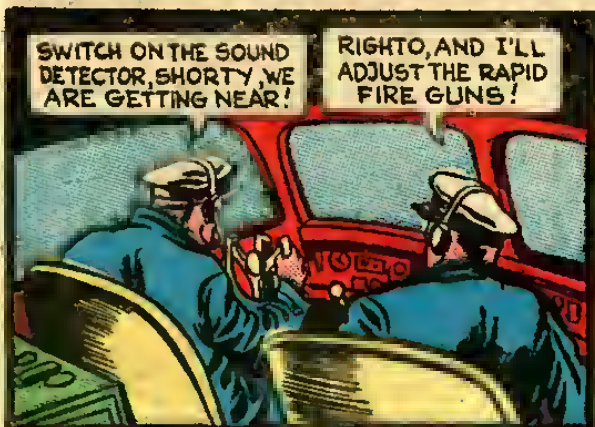
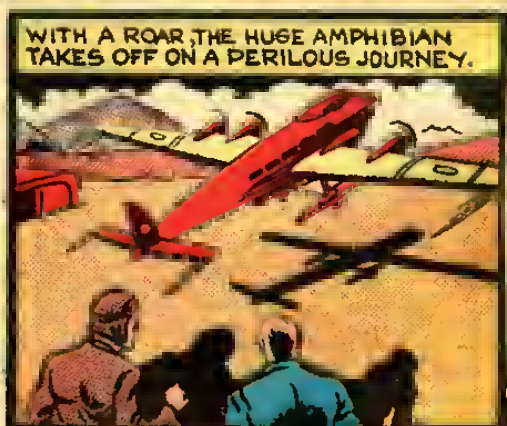
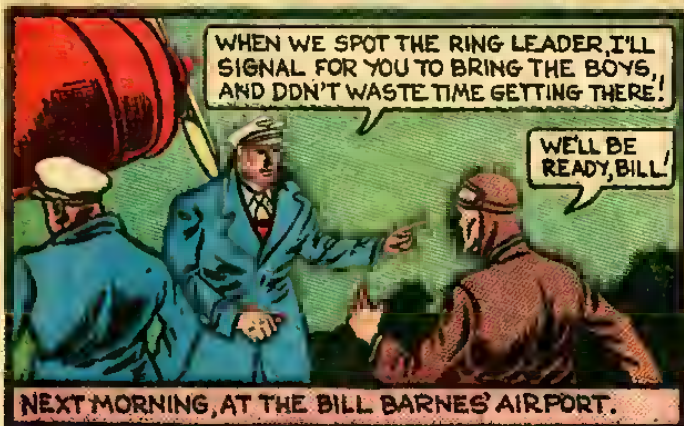
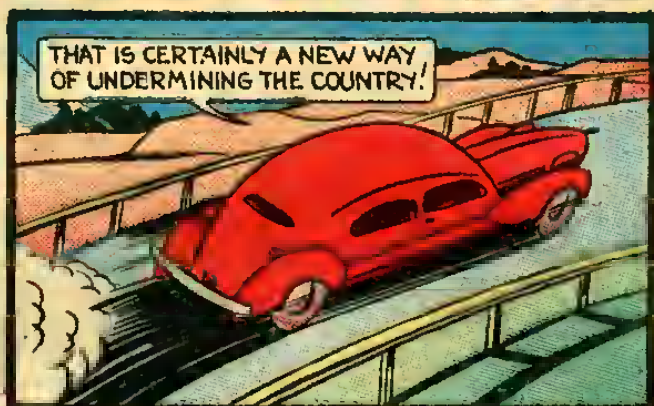


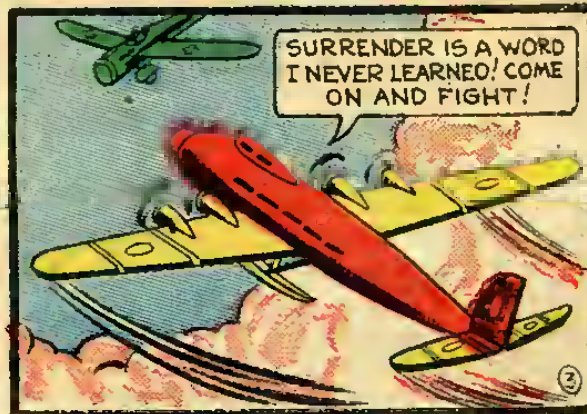
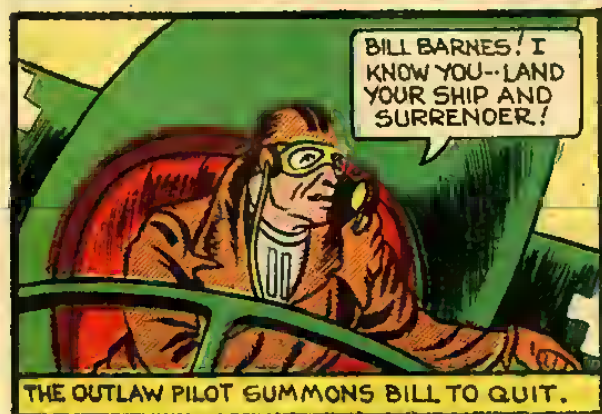
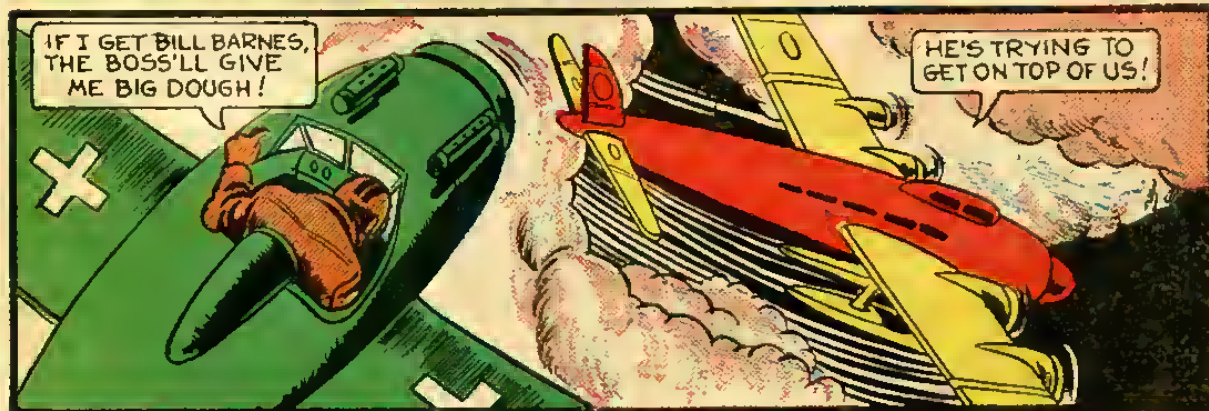
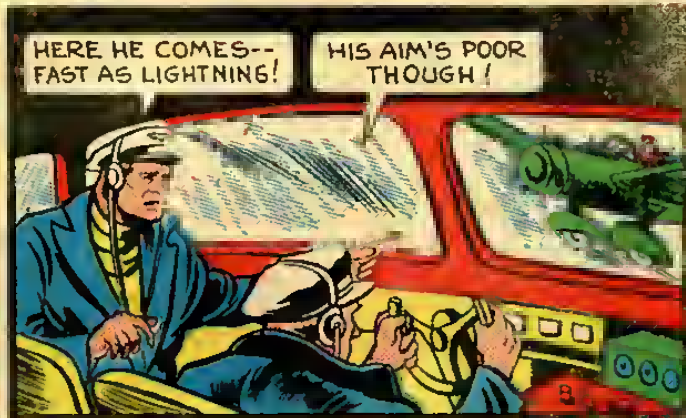
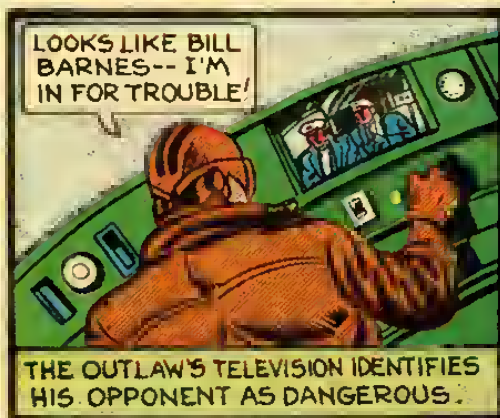
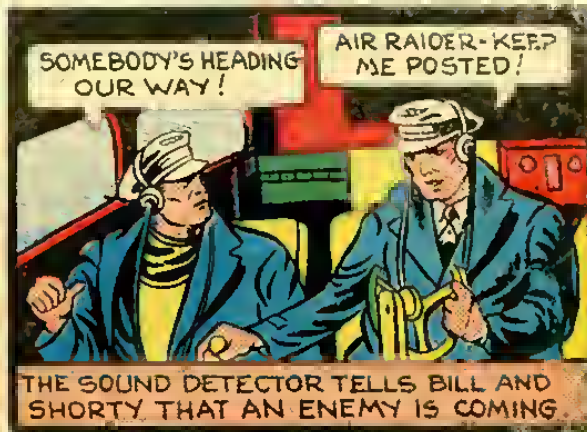
LIKE A STREAK, A RAIDER APPEARS FROM ABOVE AND POURS LEAD INTO THE TRANSPORT SHIP.

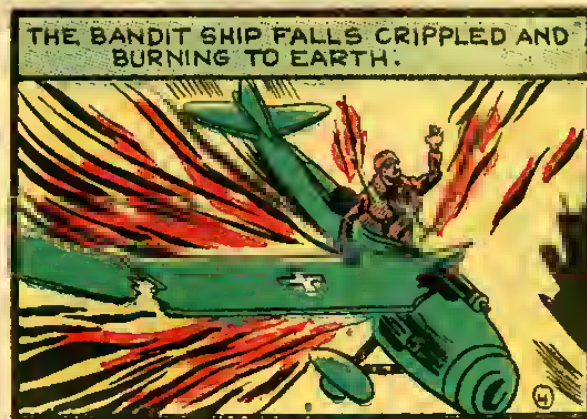
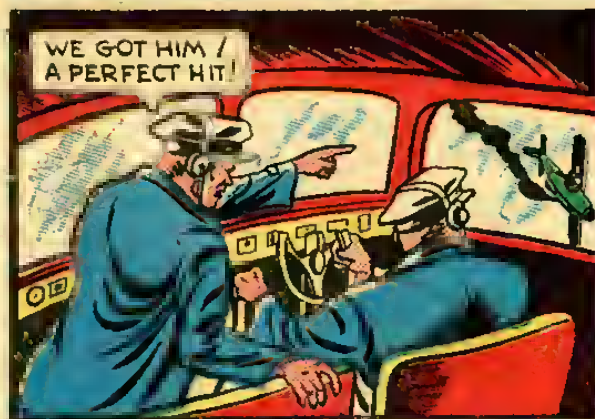
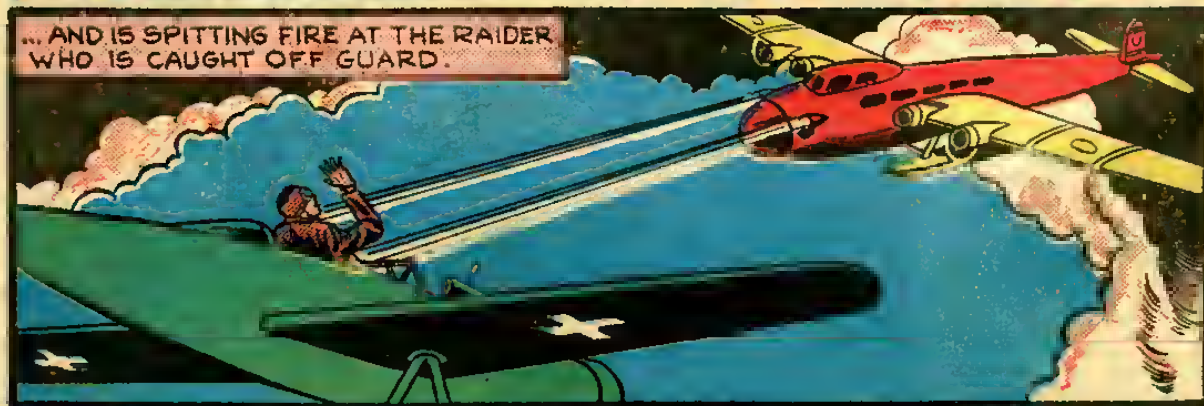
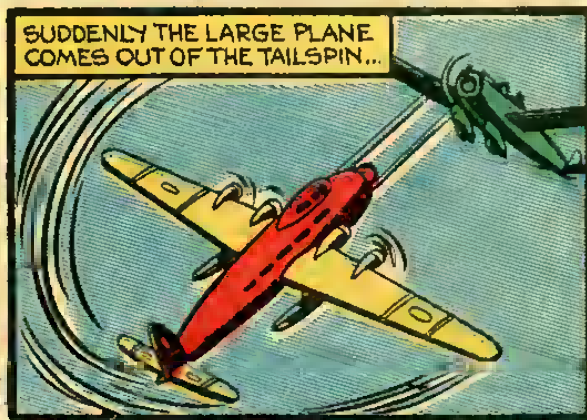
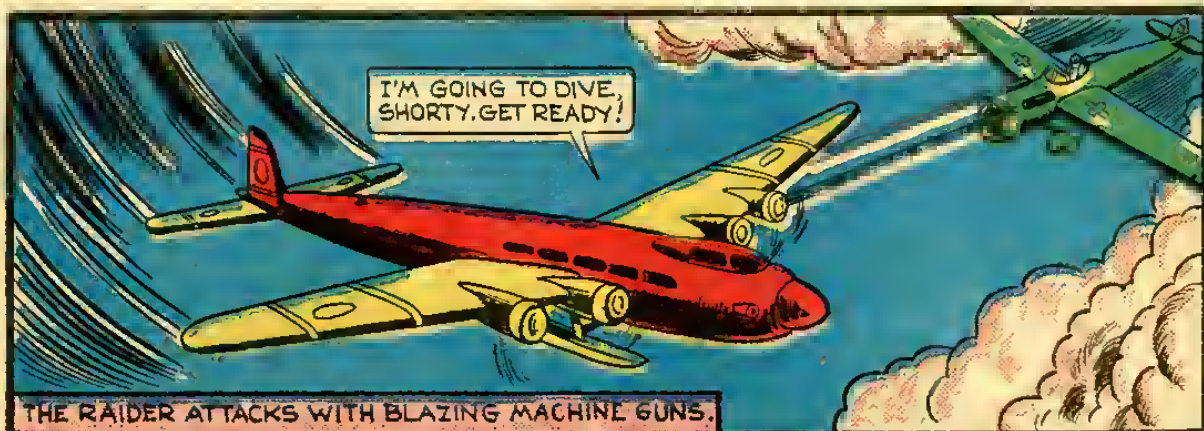


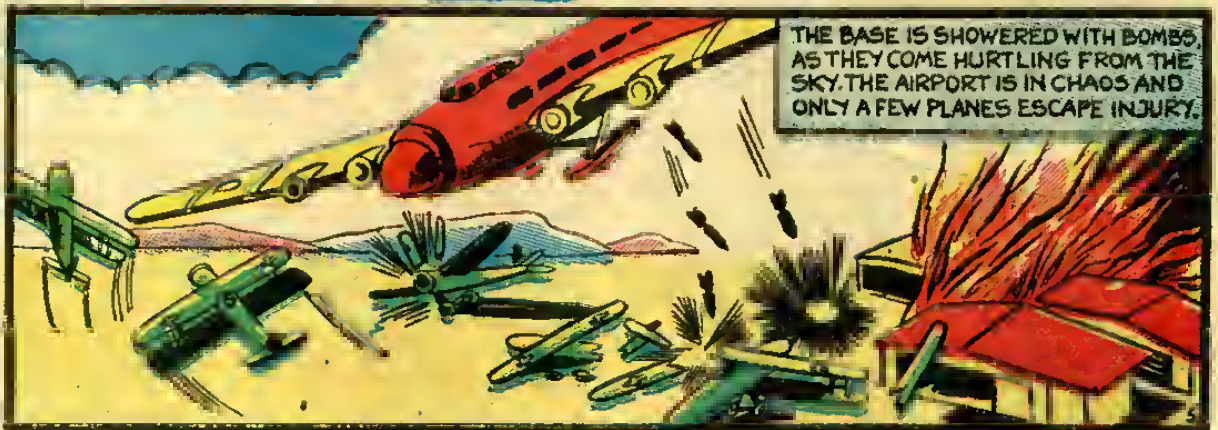
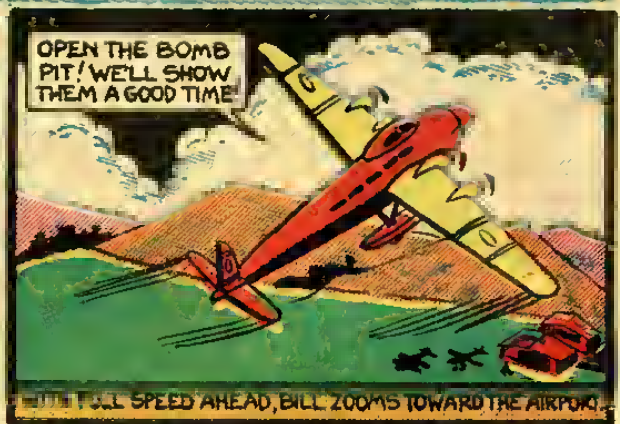
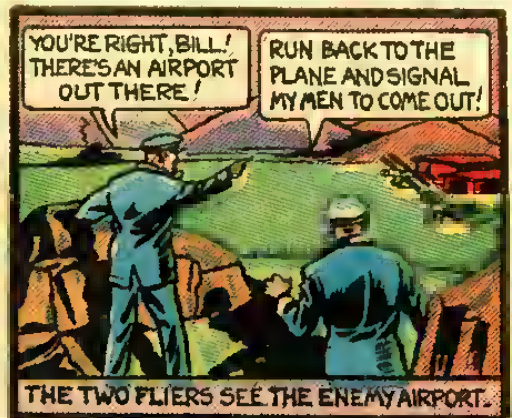
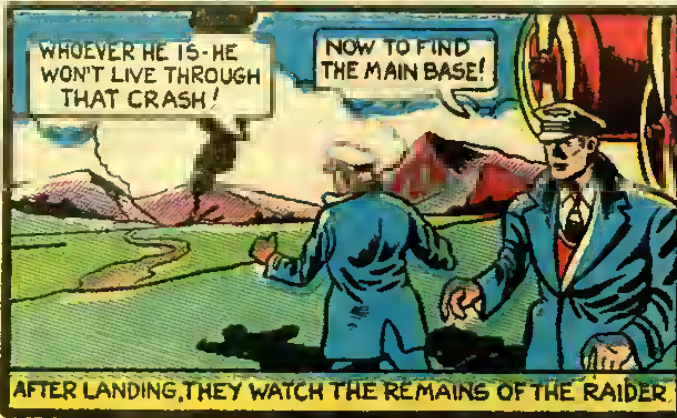
SENDING IT DOWN IN SMOKE, THE VICTOR TRAILS BEHIND IT!









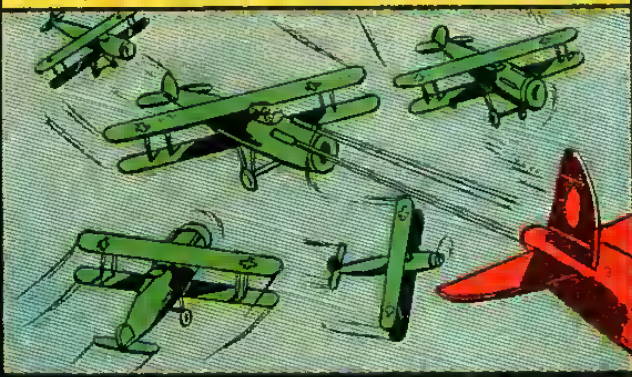


THEY HAVE FIVE PLANES
COMING AFTER US. THE
REST ARE ALL CRIPPLED!

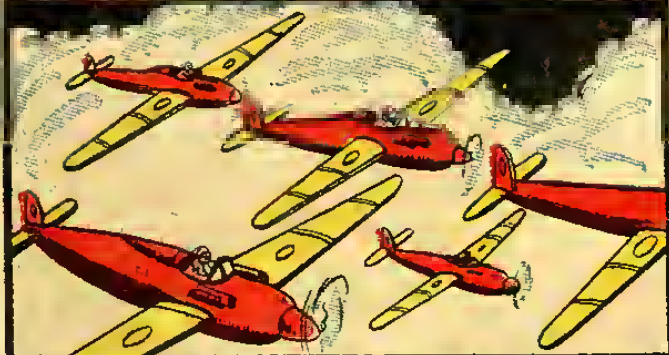
WE'LL TAKE
CARE OF THEM!



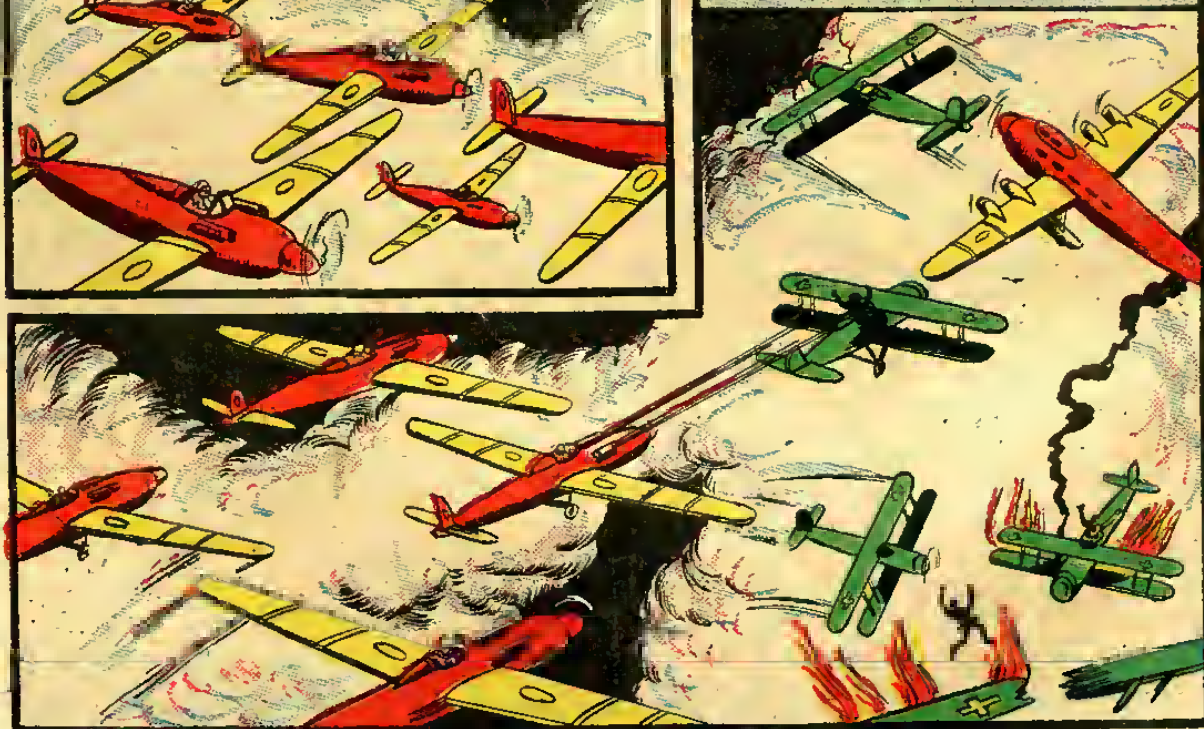
BLACK JACK AND HIS MEN BLAST AWAY AT BILL AND SHORTY...



WHEN OUT OF THE SKY APPEAR THE PLANES FROM BARNES' FIELD.



THE ENEMY PLANES ARE COMPLETELY
SURPRISED, AND ARE PUT INTO UTTER
ROUT. BILL IS ON THE TAIL OF BLACK
JACK, THE SPY LEADER.

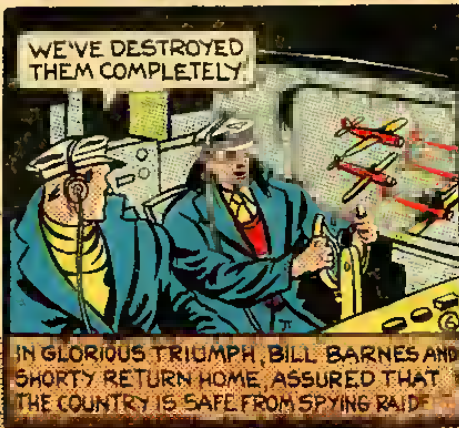


THEY GOT
ME!



BLACK JACK IS BLASTED
FROM THE SKY!

WE'VE DESTROYED
THEM COMPLETELY.



IN GLORIOUS TRIUMPH, BILL BARNES AND
SHORTY RETURN HOME, ASSURED THAT
THE COUNTRY IS SAFE FROM SPYING RAIDS.

DON'T MISS
THE NEXT
THRILLING
ADVENTURE
OF
BILL BARNES
IN NEXT
ISSUE OF
SHADOW
COMICS!

~~Bill Barnes~~**MODEL AIRPLANE Club****BOYS...**

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READ THIS ADVERTISEMENT

EVERY boy is interested in airplanes. All of you like to fly them. How would the boys in your crowd like to have a club that would teach you how and why an airplane flies, by a method similar to that by which flyers in government aviation schools are taught?

Well, that's possible—Joe Ott, one of the greatest designers of model airplanes, has perfected a series of lessons which are now being used in schools, high schools and colleges all over America as part of a regular school course in aeronautics.

Each lesson illustrates each point with models which the student builds. These models will be supplied to members of the local club at a very large reduction.

It's great fun and you learn how and why an airplane

flies while you're building models. You learn the right way what makes an airplane fly.

Fill in the name of your Scoutmaster, Schoolteacher or anyone else who is interested in boys, on the coupon at the foot of this page and send it with 10c to cover cost of mailing, and we will send full information so you and your pals can start building and learning about Model Airplanes. We'll also send him a copy of AIR TRAILS, the world's largest and most authoritative magazine on aeronautics which sells for 15 cents.

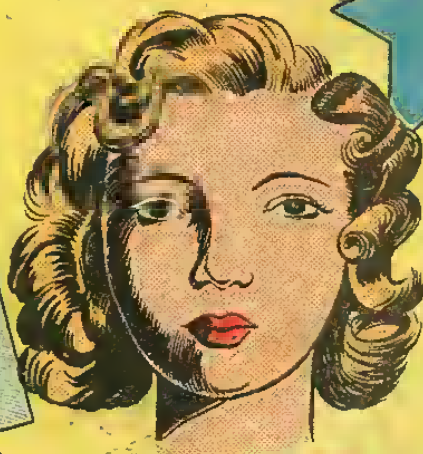
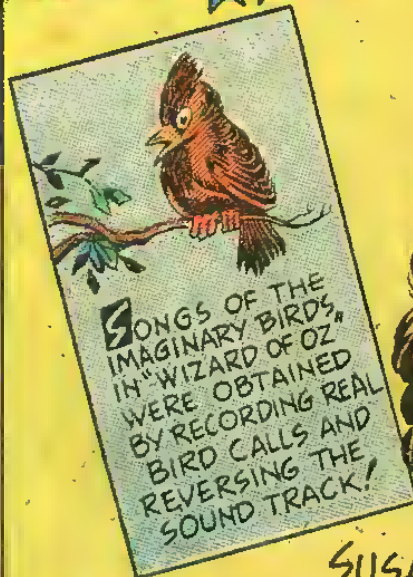
BILL BARNES**79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

Kindly send me one of each of the four lessons which you now supply to schools; send me full data on the prices you quote on the models which form part of the lessons and a copy of the world's largest aviation magazine, AIR TRAILS, which also forms part of the lesson and which sells for 15 cents the copy. I am inclosing 10 cents to cover cost of mailing and wrapping for which, I understand, you will send me everything promised.

Name.....
 Title.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

THIS COUPON IS VALUABLE ➔

STARS THAT SHINE



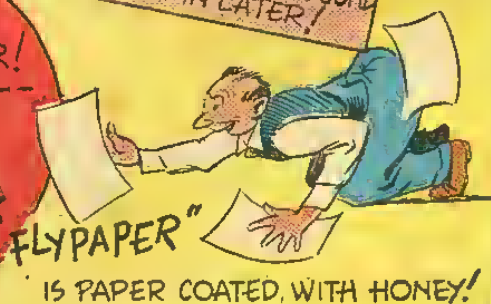
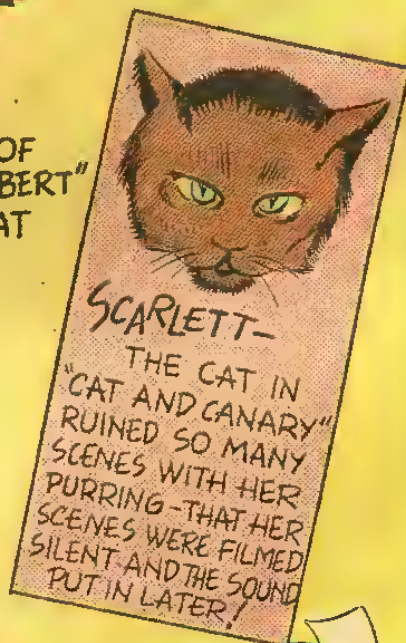
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